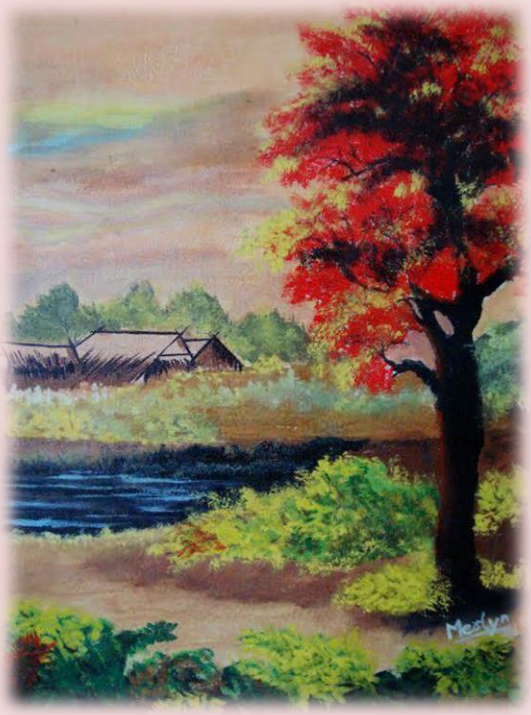
GloMag

Monthly Online Poetry and Prose Magazine

September 2017



Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

Merlyn Alexander



Title of the Cover Pic: **Autumn Round The Corner**

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Merlyn Alexander hails from Nagercoil a town headquarters of Kanyakumari District at the southernmost tip of Peninsular India where three major oceans meet at Cape Comorin, a very popular tourist destination.

She started writing poems from the time she was a teenager; then it used to be fun writing with a circle of friends about nature or any theme. But after many years, she started to write again to drive away depression. She has published three books of haiku in English and three books of haiku in Tamil. The theme she always prefers writing about is nature, though now and then, she changed subjects to express her emotions. Other than writing, she loves cooking, photography, painting, and craft. She loved

to watch her grandmothers cook, and developed a passion for cooking. She has a cookery blog

www.alexanderskitchenrecipes.blogspot.com

Painting is a hobby, and she sometimes does it to relax and lose herself in the vibrant colours that she uses.

ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag is the coming together of writers in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions, and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the writer gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the writer's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful writings, expressions, and pictures. Your soul dances in ecstasy, participates in a cosmic experience, it sways and chants. Somewhere someone is telling you about duality, someone tells you about a forlorn house without music, someone shows you how to love, and someone raises questions about existence itself.

And when you come to, the world is still there, the lake is still there, the birds are chirping, shadows have lengthened. Nothing feels the same! You are not the same! You get up reluctantly. It's time to go home.

~ ***Glory Sasikala***

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BACKGROUND MUSIC: "Ek Din Aap" from movie "Yes Boss" (Hindi) instrumental.

PREFACE

Shivank Sarin

(a drop of music in a desert of life)



BALLAD & BLUES

When Bob Dylan sang “knock, knock, knocking on heaven’s door” and Langston Hughes’ weary bluesman “played a few songs then he sang some more”, the boundary between the musician and the poet ceased to exist. The emotive, reflective and provocative stanzas of poetry were seamlessly blended with the rhythmic and melodic cries of Dylan’s music. So related seemed these pursuits, that they prompted the Nobel Committee to grant a songwriter the Nobel Prize for Literature. Be it in Vedic Hymns, the Gospel, Sufiism or the Blues, poetry and music have had a historic, if not holy relationship. Being a disciple of both, I can find

no better way to give back to these pursuits than by writing about them in this preface. So here goes-

Poetry and music have been definitive to my personality, which makes this commentary personal as well as formal. I picked up the guitar when I was ten, and the pen soon thereafter. Strangely enough, I found a sense of rhythm in words and their innate similarity to music. What many considered a burden of rhyme came to me naturally as a way of writing. Therefore, the consonance between words and sound to me remains an inexplicable one. What gives me solace despite this ambiguity is that there are many others who share this feeling of befuddlement. One of them happens to be the very person who introduced me to Glomag.

It was a not-so-typical Sunday evening when Anurag K Mathur and I were discussing some of our favorite rock hits. “Ever wondered who Mr. Mojo Risin is?” I was asked, alluding to the infamous lyrics of the song ‘L.A. Woman’ by The Doors. The answer is as surprising as it is poetic- the name of the song’s narrator happens to be an anagram for the songwriter Jim Morrison! This example serves as a literal manifestation of poetry through music. Consider the political satire in the lyrics of ‘Give me hope Joanna’, the feminist undertones in Nina Simone’s ‘Four Women’, the didactic monologue of Mark Knopfler’s ‘Brothers in Arms’

or the palpable emptiness in Eric Clapton's 'Tears in Heaven'. All the above scores are riddled with literary devices which if divorced from accompanying music, would certainly find their place in anthologies of poetry. Or maybe the radicalism of the above verses would serve as inspiration for great musicals?

Evidently, there is more to the mysticism surrounding the music we hear than the sum of its parts. Consider Pink Floyd's 'Money'. The song is written in a 7/4 time signature (an unusually brisk musical pace), which yields a restless and hurried feel. However, the song would lack its appeal if not for Roger Waters' anaphoric cries of 'Money' that accentuate the rushed and ragged rhythm. What glues the song together is the synthesis of sound harmonizing with an underlying meaning. Another case in point is the vocals of the singer 'Sting,' that bind shifts in poetic meter with percussive elements thereby employing both rhythm and meter. Hence, what music does to the poem is not change its genre, but combine two forms of artistic expression where the whole exceeds the sum of its parts.

The overlay between music and poetry may have been reason enough for many musicians to be poets. Maybe the rock stars of the 70's were not so different from the poets of the Harlem Renaissance. Maybe the meter employed by Emily Dickinson subliminally shaped the verses of Dylan.

And maybe, these coincidences explain the profound impact that both of these art forms have had on artists, audiences, bystanders and the world.

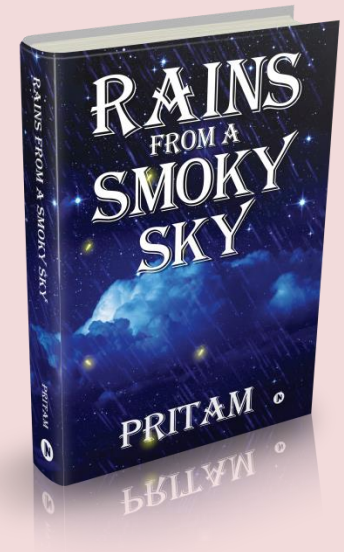
Yet, it must still be a possibility that these art forms are mutually exclusive from one another? Well, if they are, then I must be one of the lucky few who get to have their cake and eat it too! Both poetry and music are here to stay and shall continue to inspire the populace so long as the modern-day troubadours are allowed to roam. I too hope to be one of those, even if it means being completely unknown- just like a rolling stone!

Thank You

BOOK OF THE MONTH

Rains From A Smoky Sky

Published by Notion Press



LINKS

http://authorpritam.com/

https://notionpress.com/store

COMPLIMENTS

"the best book I have ever read", "a masterpiece", "you are a true writer", "your writing is as live as you and me", "the words he uses shows the genius of his writing", "the best book in our time in India", "a book that can change your life" "A novel of our time"

“A must read for all who dream to change and grow and aspire to live a full life”

ABOUT THE BOOK

Our current society is filled with so many substances that do more harm than good, even our processed foods are not entirely safe to consume. In a world so corrupted, people like Pritam Mandal are far too few. Seeing the current lifestyles lead by a majority of the world’s population, he wrote his book “Rains off a Smoky sky” in hopes of promoting lifestyles that bring about healthier living.

“Rains off a smoky sky” is the tale of Anurita, a girl who grew up in the rural parts of India. Her journey started when she joined her dream company, a company led by a man with immense vision and a powerful dream. It was here that Anurita learned the company’s true purpose, to cultivate and spread the concept of a healthier lifestyle.

Throughout the book Pritam Mandal addresses the things we simply take for granted with no thought of consequences. For example, are we growing at the same pace as our technology? Have we become wiser and empathetic with time? Pritam Mandal also uses Anurita’s viewpoint to show us the true dangers of pollution.

If there is anything Pritam Mandal wants us to take away from his book “Rains off a Smoky Sky” it’s that we need to stop and take a look at the world we are creating for ourselves and the next generation. In his book, the company Anurita joins is absolutely devoted to promoting healthy lifestyles, just as we do.

He captures Anurita’s own personal growth as she goes from a wide-eyed village girl to a smart, savvy, environmentally conscious individual. Her relationships with everyone around her, especially the company CEO are definitely worth reading.

This is the story of Anurita, a girl from a village in India…who turns into an extraordinary woman from an ordinary girl through her hopes, dreams, passion, courage, determination, hard work, and right choices...this is her remarkable journey.



Pritam is originally from Tisha, a village located near Kolkata, India. He completed a Ph.D. (2013) in Physics from the USA (at Kent State University, Kent, Ohio) after his M.Sc. in Physics from IIT Bombay (2007). After Ph.D., he worked as a postdoctoral researcher (2013-2015) at King Abdullah University of Science and Technology (KAUST), Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. At present, Pritam is writing books full time. His first novel "Rains from a Smoky Sky" was published in January 2017. Among all activities and works, Pritam says that writing is his strongest passion. Pritam wishes to remain a learner forever;

"Let there be love, light, writing, and peace", this is what he prays for every day. Pritam lives with his wife Libia in Visakhapatnam, India where he spends most of his time reading, researching, writing, running, cycling and trying to follow an 'organic' lifestyle.

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A SOLEMN PRAYER

A dead child right before your window

Lies there the stale ray of war ravaged time

Let each soldier in the barracks

Have a liberal grief stricken heart

Let the nights of endless vigilance

Have the sound of the prisons being shattered

By the oppressed human hands all over

Let it dawn upon your sightless eyes

Let the debris of war be but a history.



Zulfiqar Parvez: Vice Principal Cum O Levels English Language Teacher, London Grace International School, Dhaka. I have done my Honours and Masters in English Language and Literature from the University of Rajshahi, and am the editor of Neeharika.



FROM HOUSE TO ALLEY CAT TO

The girl next door didn't care that the kitten she chose

"was a girl cat" when she chose the name George, yet the moniker

matched: black-on-white fur forming a jacket,

sunglasses, even a "soul patch." Then George adopted

my family, living the bulk of her life in our house, returning

periodically to check in on the O'Hagans.

Two decades later, working graveyard shift, I came across

Doppleganger George deep in the bowels of a retirement home:

that same black-on-white beard, but this time a bit more reticent,

needing more time before true comfort and contact was allowed,

before resting in my lap while we both napped

before the day shift arrived.

I don’t know which pair of those nine lives I lived through

in that company, but I do know I lost George twice in my life:

once to old age when, in my youth, I buried her whole;

the second, myself being older, to a boiler room fan

after a very uncharacteristic fall, when he was buried in pieces.



William P. Cushing: Born in Virginia, Bill Cushing lived in several states as well as the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico before moving to California. Earning an MFA in writing from Goddard College in Vermont, he now teaches at East Los Angeles and Mt. San Antonio colleges and lives in Glendale with this wife and their son. Bill was honored as one of the "Top Ten L. A. Poets of 2017" and has been published in Another Chicago Magazine, Brownstone Review, Mayo Review, Metaphor, Newtown Literary Journal, Paw Prints in Verse, Stories of Music, and West Trade Review. When not reading or writing, Bill facilitates a Los Angeles-based writing group.



GUT PUNCH

there was a handmade doll

named Margaret

wearing a grass green

handmade dress

whom I often

bullied

the youngest of four girls

I knew even then

how to effectively

level a gut punch

Margaret disappeared

one day, probably

tossed out

when I wasn’t home

I had no choice

in the event

didn’t get to say

good-bye

or sorry

for being

a bossy little bitch



Wanda Morrow Clevenger: She is a former Carlinville, IL native. Over 443 pieces of her work appear in 154 print and electronic publications. Her magazine-type blog updated at her erratic discretion: http://wlc- wlcblog.blogspot.com/



LET US BE QUIET

Let us be quiet

Quiet in the knowledge

Of what is

The Bodhi tree stands

Quiet

Waiting

It was uprooted

Long ago

In a storm

Like this one

Replanted

Growing anew

It knows

Enlightenment

Reincarnation

Peace



Vineetha Mekkoth: Vineetha Mekkoth is a poet, writer, translator, editor. Lives with her family in Calicut. Translates for the Kerala Sahitya Akademi. Has published poems in various national and international anthologies. Her poetry collection, 'Ashtavakra and Other Poems' was published by Authorspress, New Delhi in August 2017.



THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR

(For Eunice)

You left behind your sluggish sunsets

And dawns that disappointed with their lack of trust--

But jogging with the clouds one night

Your ears plugged into nocturnal voices

You stumbled upon the truth of things:

The love you thought you lost sight of

When prayers dropped unanswered in the dark

And angry shadows couldn't be shrugged off,

Like a stranger roaming the countryside turned up

Sneezing, at your farmhouse, soaked with monsoon hope

With an unlit cigarette between her fingers

And a parrot perched on her head.



Vijay Nair: He retired as Associate Professor, Department of English, Government Victoria College Palakkad, Kerala. He taught English Language and Literature in various colleges for 31 years. His poems have appeared in several International Anthologies. He was awarded the Reuel International Prize for Writing & Literature in the year 2016.



TUCKED AWAY

There are tiny verses of mine

Never put to paper

An oft omitted line

Sometimes a telling end

That slippery strand of hair

You love to pull back behind my ears

Hidden just like that

Or that toe I shift

When my sock has that little thing to be darned

A cellar album with that ‘one photo’ gone missing

An otherwise complete family album.....

There are poems within poems

If only you could read

My backspaced messages

Un-stored drafts

Written a thousand times

Illicitly for you



Vandana Kumar: She is a bon vivant who loves travelling, working with young minds and exploring creative possibilities beyond the ordinary. She has done her masters in History from Lady Shri Ram College and her Diplôme from the Alliance Française de Delhi. She is a French teacher in a couple of schools and private institutes and also translates for various publishing houses and

corporates. An active member of various quiz clubs across Delhi, she has a soft corner for Kolkata where she spent her childhood. Her various passions include singing, playing the piano, composing music and participating in local antakshari competitions. She describes herself as a dreamer…a wanderer and a certified incurable romantic…the romantic moorings worsened with all her fancy French studies. Poetry for her is her stress buster -her flight of fancy-and strangely – what keeps her rooted too.



MINE

I know this seat is mine, so get up and go

I shall not leave my berth-right, to friend or foe.

Look for the right seat, and sit over there.

If you have a ticket, you will soon know where!

He worried now over the aborting trip

And the missing proof of his ownership,

He could not fight, he bit back the urge.

The keening elder with the train did surge.

“Come on, come on, I don’t have all day,

Oh! Come on now. Let me have my way.

Impatience in the blood, arrogance of youth,

Had caused this behavior, unkind, uncouth.

The old man grew slower still.

The other's imperative he could not fulfill.

Voice aquiver hands a shiver he pulled out the missing link,

He held it out for the truth to sink.

Youthful pride now re-examined his own

Flustered to note the date had grown.

He had come in on time to claim a seat

That was a day old, Oh! Oh No!



Usha Chandrasekharan: She is a believer in the power of the universe, in the power of positive energy, in the power of words, in the power of good intentions. She has two children both of good literary prowess, both creative in their own way.



THE AUTUMN OF BENGAL

The swirling flows of colours agleam in the sun,

And the dancing of clouds that is scattering wide,

And their pristine whiteness that challenges a swan,

Are ready to glorify the blueness with much pride.

The fleeting glance of the young sun on the green,

From the hind of naughty grey with a silver lace,

Is making the paddy plants more and more pristine,

As if, to shower the proud earth with coloured kindness.

Torrents of laughter from the inner part of farmer's hut,

And happy murmurs from each lip for anticipatory yield,

Are ready to ripen the moments for a fantastic concert,

As if, to burgeon the demands of farmers from the field.

It is the time for a peaceful sleep with one eye closed,

Because, the other is to record how beauty has posed.



Swapan Kumar Rakshit: He is an Indian poet, who lives in Bankura, West Bengal. He teaches physics for his professional needs. However, he prefers to write poems specially sonnets. He wants to be acquainted with the universal mind through poetry.



I will give my vote to the oceans,

to the wind govern the waves of

all the seas

and the skies.

I will give my vote to the fishes

in the rivers.

I will scream

from the highest mountains

in great fullness of the creation.

The water I can drink

the food I can eat.

I will sing to all the flowers,

the viola - the sunflower,

the rose and the lily!

They will all be given a song.

An ode to the meadows

providing me vegetables,

a poem to all living creatures

in this wonderful world.

Make lovely music to every man

and woman,

those who make an effort

and improve our world!

I will give my heart to

The Mother of all

My vote to Mother Earth.



Svanhild Løvli: I'm a Norwegian poetess.

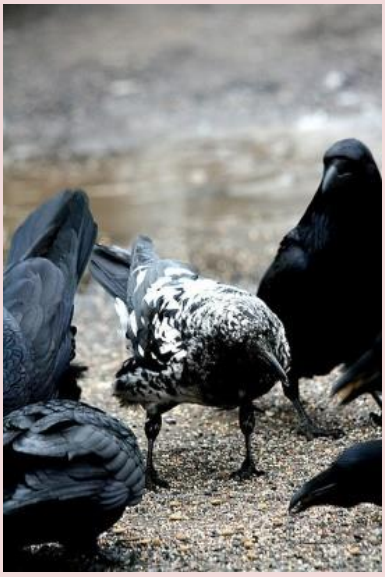
THREE-LINE POEMS: BIG MOON



Every long night, the milky orb

Reminded the young migrant

Of a lost home in a village.



Ruckus

Pigeons on the cable

Get agitated

By the intruding raven!



Noise

The late-night street sounds

Keep the widower awake

In an otherwise snoring house.



Silent Night

Wet roof stores multiple moons

Each one---tiny, tender, brilliant

Quiet concrete linking earth and heavens!



Sunil Sharma: He is Mumbai-based senior academic, critic, literary editor and author with 18 published books: Six collections of poetry; two of short fiction; one novel; a critical study of the novel, and, eight joint anthologies on prose, poetry and criticism. He is a recipient of the UK-based Destiny Poets' inaugural Poet of the Year award---2012. His poems were published in the prestigious UN project: Happiness: The Delight-Tree: An Anthology of Contemporary International Poetry, in the year 2015. Sunil edits the English section of the monthly bilingual journal Setu published from Pittsburgh, USA:

http://www.setumag.com/p/setu-home.html

For more details, please visit the blog:

http://www.drsunilsharma.blogspot.in/



GROWING OLD

Growing old is age old

Often have you heard this told

Many a breath comes in short gasps

Voices quiver in trembling rasps

Blood flows so very sluggish

Digestion acts up strangely devilish

Burping belching is no more in control

Rudimentary functions are up for patrol

Recollection plays truant with go went gone

Suddenly everything has a pause button on

Muscles line up to head south

Jaws droop from an open dribbling mouth

Falling teeth predictably follow their own road map

Words slur and slip through dental gaps

Scalp smiles finally to shine through and through

Thinning hair absolutely abhors haircut crew

Exasperated with all the chemical fervour

Sprayed hair breaks rest shine silver

Stiff joints groan and creak

The entire body moans for medical attention to seek

Every step is a pain in motion

Life plods on as if on loaned donation

Visions dim and sees things out of focus

At this age you know many things are hocus pocus

Mind wavers hither and thither

Skin wrinkles smoothness goes whither

Yet it is fine to grow absolutely old

Without any care the tongue gets bold

The old can get away with almost anything

It takes guts to acknowledge it among other things!!!



Sudeshna Mukherjee: She is an Economics Major. She is a poet, short story writer and painter. Her book of poems "Meanderings of the Mind" has been published. Many of her poems have been published in national and international anthologies, magazines and e-publications.



SILENCE OF DISQUIET

The soldiers of faith silenced one more antisocial

Their effort must be celebrated to bring order

No place for people with rationality

Freethinking is dangerous to society

Boxes are being introduced for everyone to be in their limit

Any out of the box (free thinker) will be crushed

This is no more the land of Buddha (symbol of weakness) or Gandhi (anti-Indian)

We are upraising superpower

Dare not another Gauri be born and become vocal

Learn to respect muscle power, no place for brainpower

Want to speak, sing praise of our godliness

Forget days when you can raise your voice

When conflicting voices were respected

When idea immerged from debate

When deceased was bidden goodbye with bye rival

Accept the mass view, we are propagating

Or count your breath

Question remains with us

Will we stand now?

Ready for face-off than living in our cocoon

Remember cowardice of this generation

Will result in subjugation for generations to come

Time to make choices and not let memory fade

Before another incident slaps us to reality

Remember silence of disquiet is not peace

Its death alarm!!



Subhash Chandra Rai: Nonconformist by birth, wearing emotions on sleeve. Enjoying path less travelled and being myself.



TEACHER

Single word, but deep meaning it beholds

God gifted boon who turns coal into gold!

Like a candle, ready to burn himself always

But enlightens the student’s life with knowledge!

Without him, it is impossible to shine our future

When everyone moves away, the one who is there is a teacher!

If anyone is respectable as GOD, he is a teacher

And if anyone is equal to parents, he is a teacher!

Anyone can reach any heights of success and happiness

But, one should never forget the place of a teacher!

Wherever we go, wherever we move, in this world

Life is totally meaningless without an ideal teacher!



Sonia Gupta: She is a dentist by profession, is a well-known name in English & Hindi literature. She is an established author of four English & Two Hindi poetry books. Her many poems and stories have been placed in various anthologies, magazines & newspapers. She has been awarded with various awards in Hindi literature and won many poetry competitions organised by various literary groups on facebook. Besides a poetess and doctor she is fond of paintings, singing, cooking, designing, knitting and teaching. Her many projects are coming soon.



NIGHT OF THE ACTIVISTS

each evening, with the siren from the east

and the wolf's first call in the west,

we watched the sun drag down the blue with it

and went to prepare our table of four…

many a manner of drink, and meats and vegetables,

we made a fine art of culinary cohabitation

to keep us from abandoning our significant sinecures.

to hold up the faith, the fate of a nation's trust.

the lady with the loud voice shot dead, there she lay,

the puzzled man with the dead meat, surrounded forever,

the film, the play, the book, thought-killers on the rampage.

we'll sing out our tears and raise our fist like a baby disturbed.

unfisted, we'll point fingers, this man, this group, this thought,

this, this and that, we'll meditate on ourselves and our brief guilt,

the night is long, and it can tolerate the tremor in our voices.

we'll express opinions, it's true, during the course of many nights.

this done, tasty cadavers carved and consumed on the table-top,

we talk, we scowl, we pray, we sigh, the night is long, bears it all.

when day breaks, we break up, to rest our healthy minds.

we blow out the candles, wipe our hands and rise to meet the day.



Shreekumar Varma: He is an Indian author, playwright, newspaper columnist and poet. He received the R. K. Narayan Award for Excellence in Writing in English in 2015. He is known for the novels Lament of Mohini, Maria's Room, Devil's Garden: Tales Of Pappudom, The Magic Store of Nu-Cham-Vu and the historical book for children, Pazhassi Raja: The Royal Rebel. He is the great great grandson of the artist Raja Ravi Varma and grandson of Regent Maharani Sethu Lakshmi Bayi, the last ruling Maharani of Travancore. He is married to Geeta Varma (poet, teacher and columnist) and has two children, Vinayak and Karthik.



DREAMING OF A BURNING FRUITION

Fire, fire, fire!

ignites hot

with red thorns

blooming from out

the flock of white flowers

in the holy halo

crowned upon her head.

Adorned in purple
with velvet lips
that softly sigh
through the silence
of a sleep
filled with sweet dreams
about rising soon
in a furiously
righteous resurrection.

Her hair screams
with the intensity
of a phoenix,
and the spirit ascends
as the awakened
new age
ripens upon the earth
with green intentions

spreading renaissance

across the land.



Scott Thomas Outlar: He hosts the site 17Numa.wordpress.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, and books can be found.



Chrisya Enriquez: She is an actress, exhibiting artist and published poet who creates empowering messages, balancing hard edge and soft sophistication through positivity and honesty. Her passion for writing evolved during her creative writing studies at New York University. "My strongest energy of expression has always been in the arts and in the privacy of paper with either a paintbrush or pen. Accepting and gaining the power to embrace my voice, I share my breath artistically not only for myself but with hopes that it may also help others grow." She is based in New York City.



It's him, I love truly, purely

It's him, I listen to definitely, surely

It's him, I've spoilt the most

It's him, to whom I'd propose a toast.

It's him, he has the most beautiful eyes

It's him, he looks so wise

It's him, he waits for me longingly

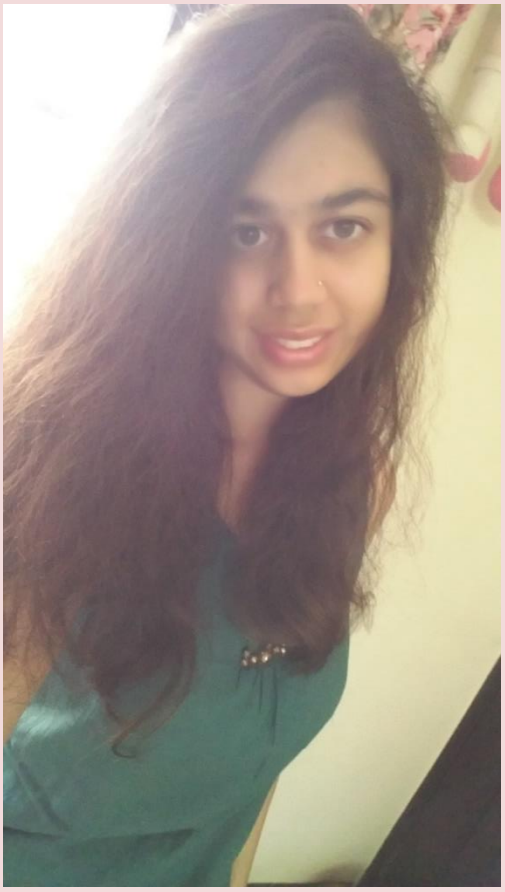
It's him, who greets me adoringly.

It's him, gentle as a breeze

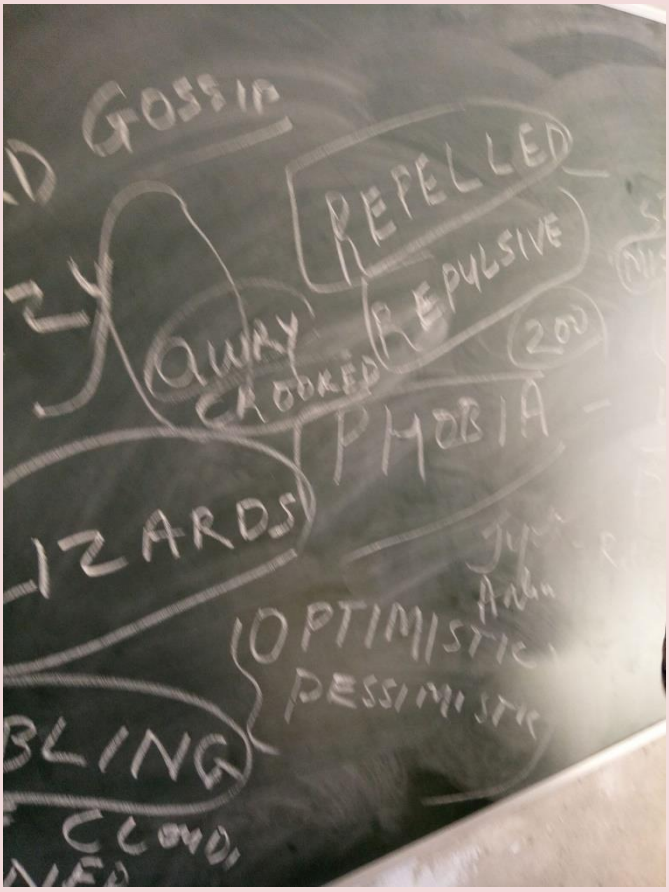
It's him, aggressive when I tease

It's him, I play with through dense fog

It's him, my life, my dog.



Sara Bubber: I am studying Human Development from MSU, Baroda. In my free time (sometimes even during classes) I love looking out of the window especially when it rains. I love reading, listening to music and spending time with my dogs. My dogs are my favourite people in the world.



A FIST FULL OF WORDS

A fist full of words

White squiggles on black board

Hissing words,

chalky, cocky, stocky or slack.

Missing words smacking of an in idyllic time

In a cruel pantomime.

Words fluttering like caged birds

Trying to uncode another brave, new world.

Words brimming with optimism

Words dripping with pessimism about a grave, new world

Gossipy words, crooked and trite

Words scarred with maniacal might.

A fistful of words which can change the world,

Or derange the world.

Some rabble-rousers robustly rant

Like Humpty Dumpty, that they can control the language

Making words mean 'neither more nor less'.

They control the language, yes they do, making the words hollow

and still more hollow, wanting the rabble to blindly follow

their words which mean less and less to the common folk

Who choke on these vacuous words

and are asphyxiated.

The black board enticing like the velvety night

Where wordy images linger like starlight bright

Weaving magic, unfolding many a story tragic

Many a story leaving untold.

Some venomous words swirling and whirling in a mad dance.

And one word called Hope

like Aylan Kurdi

Beached, lifeless, meaningless

Having lost much of its 'muchness.'

Utterly hopeless in a messy world

Alas!



Santosh Bakaya: Academician-novelist - poet-essayist, Dr Santosh Bakaya, has been internationally acclaimed for her poetic biography of Mahatma Gandhi, Ballad of Bapu,

[Vitasta publishers India, 2015] for her collection of peace poems, Where are the lilacs? [Authors press, India, 2016] and her book of essays: Flights from my terrace [Earlier an e-book on Smashwords [2014] now has an updated printed version, Authors press INDIA, 2017]. Extensively interviewed and awarded, her latest poetry book: Under the apple boughs, has just gone to the press and she is giving finishing touches to her two novels, one a satire on higher education and the other, a breezy love story.



NIGHT-TIME

In the comfort of your bedchamber

when slumber dodges from its duty,

groggy-eyed you hear another's hyperpnea—

sense of continuity, solace engulfs you.

Stertor brings with it jactation.

Remember? Foiled bids to sleep?

Contrast this to another setting,

situation when in calm of your lair

you assure yourself you have only you.

Pronto you're in the arms of Morpheus.



Sanjeev Sethi: He is the author of three books of poetry. His most recent collection is This Summer and That Summer (Bloomsbury, 2015). His poems are in venues around the world: Empty Mirror, The Paragon Journal, Olentangy Review, Grey Sparrow Journal, Peacock Journal, Modern Poets Magazine, Faith Hope & Fiction, New Mystics, Yellow Mama, Stride Magazine, London Grip, 3:AM Magazine, and elsewhere. He lives in Mumbai, India.



INSEPARABLE

As peduncle to a flower,

The beating life in a heart.

As petals of offerings

In a devotee's hands.

Some whispering wishes

In a rosary.

As giggles of a child.

As the dark shining Kajal

In my eyes,

Are inseparable.

Dear love, be that elixir,

That nectar of my life.

Be that close to me.

Always...



Sanhita Sinha: She is a native of Tripura, is a teacher, a bilingual poet. Her poems got published in different national and international anthologies, journals & magazines like "Heavens above poetry below," "A haiku Treasury," "In our own words," "Scaling heights," "Epitaphs," "Milenge," "IFLAC PEACE ANTHOLOGY," "BETRAYAL," KIRNOKAL," "ANTOHKORON," "RUPANTAR," "PURBHABASH," "GALAXY," etc. Apart from writing she is actively engaged in cultural activities too. She is a regular artist of television and radio too.



BEAUTY IN BLOOM

Bright and clear is the sky in the hamlet,

Blue, just like the water in the limitless sea.

The bluebells colouring the yard with violet,

which my eyes were longing to see.

The tweets of the baby birds make a euphony,

which in itself is the nature's song.

The scented air gives relief to our agony,

which seized our mind for a long.

Lenitive is the brisk greenery of the trees,

just like the smile on an infant's face.

Surrounded are the blossoms by the honeybees,

moving around the flowers apace.

The zephyr makes the leaves sing,

giving the nature a dual boon.

Beauteous are the days of spring,

And the nights are pleasing with a clear moon.

Greening are the spring days.

The days of beauty and newness,

when everything blooms with a glaze,

and the nature seems ageless.



Roshan Mishra: I am a Botany student of OUAT, Bhubaneswar. I love writing poems. Actually I am very much passionate about it. Whenever I experience something, i pen it down to make poems. My poems are basically about the social issues, issues related with women, and beauty of nature. The ordinary things happening in the world give me inspiration to think on that and write on it.



ARRIVAL OF THE FALL

Between the muted walls

Of the small space I call my own,

I displace all my belongings,

Before the arrival of the Fall,

And change the picture of my home

To resemble the colored world!

Like an artist's palette:

Green, yellow, red and sky's blue,

All magical colors,

Each playing an important role

In my everyday mood

Even the shiny reflection of copper

Touches my inner self,

When in my fortress alone,

I am totally secluded

Before the arrival of the Fall!

The human's heart

Was designed beyond

heaven's gate,

Interior-like the soul,

But made separate

By self-possession and regret

Of beauty less than infinite!

Now here I am standing

Clearly on a solid ground,

Proudly having a mind of my own,

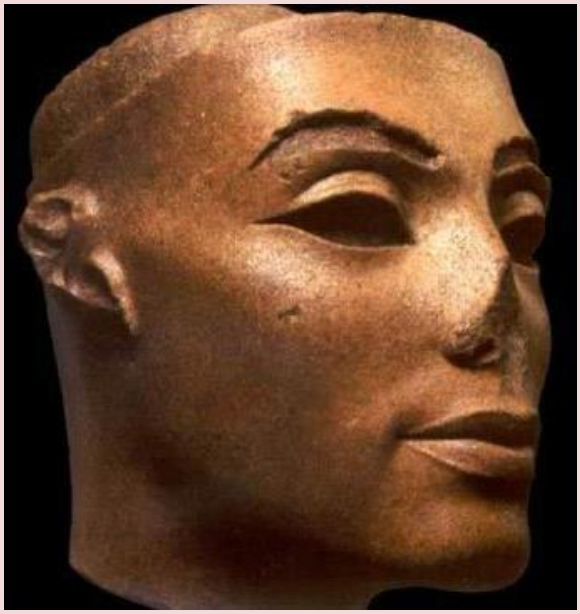
Feeling real great,

Patiently awaiting for

The arrival of the Fall!



Romeo della Valle: Born in a beautiful island named Quisqueya or Hispaniola and from Italian and Spanish parents and coming to America very young with a goal, mainly, to succeed in life and be happy. As a citizen of the world, there is not race, colour, or religious beliefs that would stop me from searching for happiness...I have become through times passed that I am a man with a Vision and a clear mission: 'To spread my message of Love an Peace throughout the World and if my poetry can touch a single soul in the World, then I would gladly die leaving my clear footprints behind!



Waiting and Fasting

I pour another shot of bourbon

engine idles like it should.

She is coming tonight

armed with her band of angels.

I have no defenses,

replaced by muted trumpet,

alto saxophone,

piano of Flamenco Sketches.

She holds a dripping brush to my door

dressed in yellow

Nefertiti for April.

I am first born.

So I wait.

I fast.

Dusk.

Night.

She never came.

Bisbee



Robert Feldman: Born in Paterson, New Jersey, he was inspired at an early age by members of Paterson's literary tradition, most notably Louis and Allen Ginsberg and William Carlos Williams. While living in St. Louis, he organized various poetry readings, produced and hosted a community issues news hour and a biweekly bebop jazz radio program on KDNA-FM. It was during this time his interest and admiration for the Beat Generation flourished. Robert was instrumental in publishing some of Arizona's most influential writers such as Drummond Hadley and Michael Gregory, and in 1980, collaborated with Lawrence Ferlinghetti on his Bisbee publication, "Mule Mountain Dreams." He has participated in dozens of poetry readings around the country. Now years later, he continues to write, paint, and play tabla, besides working with high-school students as faculty advisor of the Park Vista Writers Workshop. The body of Robert Feldman's writing and painting can be accessed at www.albionmoonlight.net; he can be reached at rffeldman@gmail.com.



ITINERARY 2

The idea is to meet outside the

airport. It will be raining, we

shall take a taxi, non-ac one,

its glass-windows cannot be downed

after a certain point and the rain will

keep darting the innards, no matter

how much you close them!

In car, as the car takes countless turns

in those streets which turn loose

due to rain that a stubborn step can sink,

we even forget where we are going

or where we start after a finite

number of turns. We talk about death
all the while. How love, kindness,
jealousy and everything at all
that we ever feel, is related
to the fear of death and dying.
When you quote something
written by someone I never heard of,
I negate it with what I read from
somewhere by someone I thought I read.
The yesterday's oceans warble in sky
the driver stops to buy a cigarette
at one oblivious turn.



Ro Hith: He is a poet and a medico from Andhra Pradesh, writing poetry since 7 years. His poetry has been published in various online magazines, including Muse India, The Four Quarterly, Istanbul Review, Kritya, New Mirage Journal and print magazines like Kavya English, which was applauded and complimented by various senior poets. Currently, he is working on his first book of poems, which will be published shortly and an online magazine that deals with progressive poetry and translations from various Indian languages.



A GAME OF MISTS

Mist comes in through my window
handful of sighs who have lost their way–
mist comes in through my window
truant children who want to play.

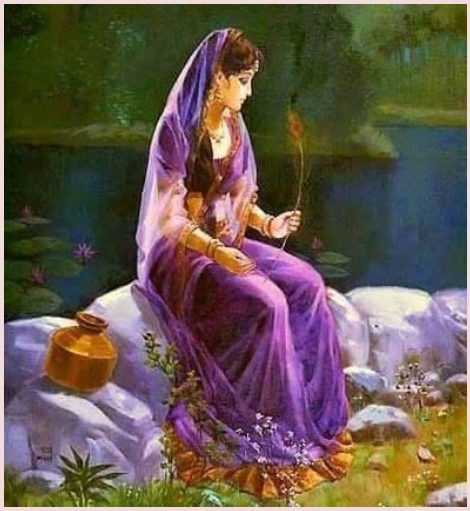
Handful of sighs who have lost their way
playing a game of catch with sunbeams–
truant children who want to play
quietly, muffled giggles and screams.

Playing a game of catch with sunbeams
gliding down the mountain side–
quietly, muffled giggles and screams
a new game of seek and hide.

gliding down the mountainside
like a diaphanous river learning to flow–
a new game of seek and hide
with mist that comes in through my window.



Rita Bhattacharjee: She is a communications consultant, having managed corporate and internal communications for companies across diverse industries and continents, including non-profit organizations. She is the co-founder of Mission Arogya and Arogya HomeCare and has recently relocated from the USA to India to channel her skills towards social entrepreneurship to increase awareness and reduce disparity in public health. A passionate poet, her poetry has been included in anthologies and published in reputed international journals, including The Copperfield Review, Contemporary Literary Review, Camel Saloon, Café Dissensus, About Place Journal, and Kitaab.



TO THE DARK ONE

I keep your storm

under my brooding lashes

detached my gait

as if carrying an ocean

is something I do with ease

while my heart wears my ankle bells

There is a forlorn moon

on the prowl tonight

fox ear-sharp her senses, searching for a night

to offset her pale cheeks

In the shadows of your beloved tree, I sink listening to the entrancing ‘bansuri’

My robe keeping out the inquisitive cold, my toes playing with dead leaves

I hid my joy from all

when your dark skin

made me the fair one, now it is my heart

that does the same to me

This night brings the only gift for me

liberty from primeval chains

that have always strangled love,

I dare not sing aloud my ecstasy

There are others who want nothing

but to suffer my plight

Hush the breeze,

Still your leaves, mighty tree

I want the pain of this desertion

To cleave me with its intensity

The moon is one, my heart is another

My soul, you have too many rivals

wanting to explore the joys of being bereft



Reena Prasad: She is a poet/writer from India, currently living in Sharjah (United Arab Emirates). Her poems have been published in several anthologies and journals e.g. The Copperfield Review, First Literary Review-East, Angle Journal, Poetry Quarterly, Lakeview International Journal etc. She is also the Destiny Poets UK's, Poet of the year for 2014 and one of the editors of The Significant Anthology released in July 2015. More recently, she was adjudged second in the World Union Of Poet's competition, 2016. She writes at Butterflies Of Time.



MY INSPIRATION

Lonely and sad

I was walking on the beach,

Happiness and peace

Seemed so much out of reach.

Regret of the past

Anxiety about the future,

Caught between the two

Living was a torture.

I had wealth, I had power

I had prestige as well as fame,

Yet I seemed to be a loser

In life’s complex game.

I had always fought for more

And never settled for less,

But now when I had it all

I was still in a mess.

What was my blunder,

Where had I gone wrong?

This is all I kept thinking

As I dragged my feet along.

Just then I saw a sight

Which was so rare,

I stopped in my tracks

And continued to stare.

It was a vision in brown

Bathed in dew drops and sunlight,

She seem to me the epitome

Of all that was happy and bright.

While frolicking in the glory

Of the Sun, the Sand and the Sea

She showed me what was wrong

With my life and with me.

She was living life

In the present moment,

And the past and the future?

She knew what they meant.

Yesterday was over

And tomorrow yet to come,

Today was the reality

One had to face with aplomb.

Happiness was not a chance

But a matter of choice

From deep within me

I heard my soul's voice.

Bidding a silent good-bye

To my lovely inspiration,

I took a solemn vow

To make each moment a Celebration.



Ramendra Kumar: What would you call a person who is a writer by passion, a story teller by obsession, a mentor by aspiration and a communicator by profession? You would probably call him insane. Well, we call him Ramen. www.ramendra.in



IT FEELS SO GOOD, REVENGE

Teeth clenched, lips joined; silent,

She raises her arm with a blunt short rod.

It feels so good, revenge!

He fells him down like a dry dead tree.

Not one stroke finish, it’s stretched long:

Teeth clenched, lips joined; silent,

Thrice she strikes. She takes her time.

Alive he’s kept to feel to the end.

It feels so good, revenge!

With each connect she curses him twice.

With each curse breaks a spell.

Teeth clenched, lips joined; silent.

Her python-eyes hypnotize,

Keep her prey transfixed, silent.

It feels so good, revenge.

There lies the broken spell.

There lies the opened skull:

Teeth clenched, lips joined; silent.

It feels so good, revenge.



Rajnish Mishra: He is a poet, writer, translator and blogger born and brought up in Varanasi, India. He is the editor of PPP Ezine, a poetry ezine. He has a blog on poetry, poetics and aesthetic pleasure:

https:/poetrypoeticspleasure.wordpress.com



I KNOW NOT WHY!

The great Bard's adage like

"in my beginning is my end"

or in my end is my beginning

is true I know not for certitude,

but the middle is vicariously taunting

and dangerously tricky;

view the snowcapped car

on the road, static helpless;

many a test of walking in water

holding the fire in hand, they dream on:
for the commoner these are impossible
dull moments of impasse one has to
rivet with; no dream castles in the air;
dragonfly in me is always stupendously
alert and adept to move on.
Now my ropewalking is set to begin;
this way or that way, fasten to the
belief, safe entourage is not far off.
Accept the reality of mystic beginning
and sudden end in your baggage.



S. Radhamani: She was born in Madras, did B.A. English, obtained M.A.English from Venkateswara University, Tirupati, did her doctoral thesis on W.H.Auden's Plays, subsequently obtained PGDTE from CIEFL (Hyderabad). A Professor of English with 31 years of teaching experience in a post-graduate and research institution, published four books of poems and one book of short story, widely published and anthologized, guided M.Phil research scholars and PhD candidates, and a reviewer and critic. Also published poems and short stories in many websites, presented papers in National and International conferences.



PILLARS OF CIVILISATION

What are the pillars of civilisation?

Freedom and democracy? Isn't that for

Those with oil to sell to America?

The Freedoms of Expression and Conscience?

But that's only if you share our Conscience,

And parrot unthinkingly, our Expressions.

Maybe it's electricity, roads, water

Health, education, jobs? We hardly have these

Yet we go on about India being a

Civilisation 5 million years matured.

(Bitch, go to Pakistan if you don't agree.)

Peace of mind, communal harmony that kind

of stuff? Chee chee, that's only for sickulars.

I think I know. Yes. I'm sure. I'm confident.

The two pillars of civilization are

Liquid soap and a bum shower. Yes, those two.

You see, that indicates a) running water is available

To wash my hands off all culpability

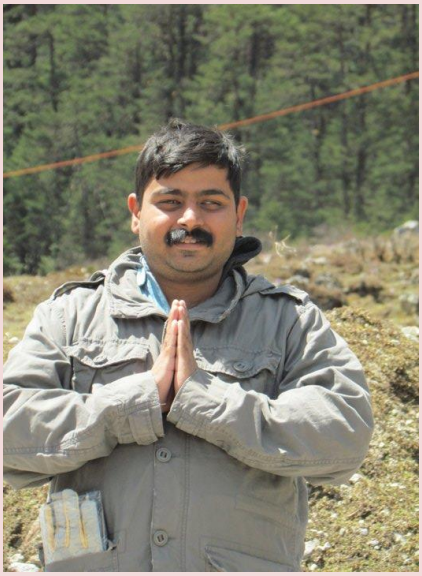
And b) sanitation happens so the shit

Is removed in one smooth, impeccable jet

Though the shit on my mind is unwashable.

But at the least you're confident your body

Is cleaner and smells nicer than your damned soul.



Raamesh Gowri Raghavan: He moonlights as an award-winning copywriter by day and daylights as an award-wanting poet by night, and sandwiches an archaeology course, running two literary clubs, astronomy, the occasional trek, some peer counselling for suicide prevention, and learning languages in between. He thinks he is funny, but his friends vehemently disagree.



AN EVENING PRAYER

The golden sunshine kisses my forehead

A castle of green hope ,

A new energy reforms in my cool body

Sprinkling dust of gold

Entering through the tunnel of my heart

Soothing rays keep dancing in delight.

A young couple in the distant sunset

Resting on an ancient bench

Amazed by their own way of thinking

Gathering fond memories of past.

At a little distant,

Splendid saffron hues kiss the western hills,

The fountain of light becomes slowly dim.

At the end of the day

Unknown birds fly to their nest,

I watch the beauty of the pastel horizon

Sitting on the shore line

Viewing the waves of the blue sea.

O, Time

Let me sip from your cup of gold

Spread aroma of blissful hours

Do come again to life with mellow tune

Make the world happy and gay

With your holy cap.



Preety Bora: This poetess was born in the beautiful state of Assam, and she lives in a small city called "Golaghat" with her hubby and son. She is a bilingual poet, she weaves poetry in both languages: in English and in Assamese (mother tongue). Her poems have been published in various anthologies and magazines in India and in foreign countries. Nature is her inspiration. Besides writing, she is fond of cooking, designing and listening to music. She is also contributing to GloMag regularly.



DEMOCRACY ASSASSINATED: JOURNALIST GAURI MURDERED

No freedom to express

Only freedom to impress

Religious goons are ready

To shut your mouth with gun.



Praveen Ranjit: He is a creative writer who gets inspiration from nature to social issues and enjoys writing poems on love, life, compassion, happiness, human relations nature's beauty etc. At a very young age he developed his writing skills, published poems in various anthologies and periodicals and received many awards of excellence. He was a professor in the Department of Commerce, St. Albert's college, Kochi, Kerala from 1981 to 2014.



FOR GAURI LANKESH

Am i really out of this world?!

Everything happened so soon!

Breath caught in my throat,

That's all i remember!

Couldn't even say goodbye!

To my near and dear ones,

So many tasks unfinished,

My causes half-baked,

Who do i approach, to complete my projects?

Will they be completed?

All this is so unfair!

I won't find peace here,

There must be a way to go back pronto,

How frustrating it is!

Must find those mediums,

Reach out, strike a dialogue,

Mind over matter,

Culprits must be brought to book,

I was against their deeds, not their individual selves,

I suppose, too much for them to understand..



Pratima Apte: I am an English Hons. Graduate of Delhi University. I am a homemaker, recently turned grandmother! I used to write sporadically in the Pune

edition's Women's page of the Indian Express. I love reading and writing, words are my world. My interests in reading are self-help books, spiritual and cookbooks and fiction. Books by Ayn Rand, Taylor Caldwell, Leon Uris, J Krishnamurthy, Dan Brown have been my favourites, as also layman's homeopathy, astrology and medical books.



I BECOME THE SKY

The more I resist

More she embraces

The more I hide myself

Seeks she more

Even she directs me to sprout

When she knows pretty well that I am rooted to her soil

She is the all-pervasive sunshine

She is the perennial source of water flowing in my stream of consciousness

She is poetry, the lender of last resort.

She has two beautiful eyes

Where in captured the universe

She has beautiful lips

Where silence searches words

She has loneliness that covers the ether within me in mists

Whenever she comes I feel enlivened

Inanimates becomes animates

I can see the ripple in the liquid darkness in me

Not just one, innumerable skies I can see fluttering wings

No more dead the city in me

I can see peoples giggling out of nothing

Green leaves sing the song of life

Delicate palms start praying for life

Seedlings start toddling

My entire being becomes a tree spreading wings

I become the sky!



Prahallad Satpathy: He hails from the Balangir district of Odisha (India). He is a bilingual poet. He writes both in Odia and English. So far he has published three anthology of poetry in Odia. His poems have been published in national anthologies like Scaling heights and international anthologies like Global Anthology on Peace and Harmony, Happy Isle, Feelings International, etc. Dr. Satpathy is a Reader in economics, working at present in Rajendra autonomous college, Balangir (Odisha). He has represented Odisha Sahitya Academy as honorary member for two consecutive terms.



AN AMAZING FIND

I picked a leaf up off the ground

You'll never guess just what I found

So read my poem if you please

And take some snuff, to make you sneeze

The snuff will clear your stuffy head

So you'll believe but not be led

By tales of fancy or fairy tales

Or nonsense bought on by strong, strong ales

One must be careful in such things

After exposure to poetry rings

For what is real and what is not?

Now what did I find? Damn I forgot!



Late **Philip G. Bell:** He was born in West London and became a professional in the field of vibration and acoustics. He was awarded a Fellowship of the Society of Environmental Engineers. He has written poetry, short stories and a children's novel. He also founded The Young Poet Society. He has published a novel, "The Elfin Child," which is available through Amazon, Barnes and Noble and at www.elfinchild.com

In December 2013, he was diagnosed with terminal Motor Neuron Disease and died in 2015.



THE PRESSURED DARK

Heard by pigeons cooing in twilight

hold out a palm to the dark land

make crunch of your boot

squelch in hard washed

and screened miners lives

all to be buried again. Beneath.

If going beneath into pressured dark

who but the ghost of 'Jacksy'.

All to be buried like Gary Jackson.

They called him 'Jacksy' in the showers.

It is a Wednesday. Seven days
after his thirty seventh birthday.
Reluctant to spend three quarters
of a shift cleaning the belt. He
spades muck from a belt wheel
with his mate, seventeen year old 'Big'
Mick. His spade catches in the wheel
he should have stopped beforehand.

Belt draws him in. Cuts his head neatly
into two pieces. In a snap of the fingers
Mick simply watches it happen.
The slow cut. A second passes.

It takes seven men to peel and carry Gary
from the belt. The funeral takes place
on the third day. 'Big' Mick given
a month's leave. He never recovers.

After his leave Mick on a seated job
down the belt on which Gary died.
Suddenly and throughout the day
is called on the pit phone by another
miner calling himself "The ghost of Gary
Jackson". He can tell it is another
miner. They put a notice up in the showers
and the phone calls stop.

A great mound of slag is being reseeded.
They have spread the difficult earth.
Taken him from birth in pressured dark
scattered his broken body as waste
reseeded with hawthorn, fern willow
and couch grass that knit
together his broken flesh. His pieces
reassemble into a hill in the light.

His broken body held tense by roots

fed by rain and light. He is different now.



Paul Brookes: He was shop assistant, security guard, postman, admin., assistant, lecturer, poetry performer, with "Rats for Love"; his work was included in "Rats for Love: The Book", Bristol Broadsides, 1990. First chapbook was "The Fabulous Invention Of Barnsley", Dearne Community Arts, 1993. Read his work on BBC Radio Bristol, had writing workshop for sixth formers broadcast on BBC Radio Five Live. He was recently published in Clear Poetry, Nixes Mate, The Bezine, The Bees Are Dead and others. Forthcoming two illustrated chapbooks "The Spermbot Blues" published by OpPRESS (summer, 2017) and tentatively in autumn "The Headpoke" by Alien Buddha Press.



English is a whore

Adapts to any customer

Any taste, fetish

Keeps on changing colors

Like costumes of an actor

Whore –power

Often in India mistaken

Power to rule

Only Cambridge-educated

Oxonians regarded as Prime Ministers.

Most heard in Indian streets

Than in Oxford Street

Each one prides in speaking the alien tongue

Including my “Other”

White skin often means Intelligence

Superior power

Native brown or black skin

Echoing the White Skin

Second place in the race.

Long before I discovered Kalidasa

I sighted Shakespeare

Sometimes I unearthed my past

Through EM Foster

Colonial Minds

Still roaming free in Indian campuses

Reading Chaucer’s Prologue

Not even aware of Tagore

Reciting Wordsworth’s poems

Children in Indian kindergarten

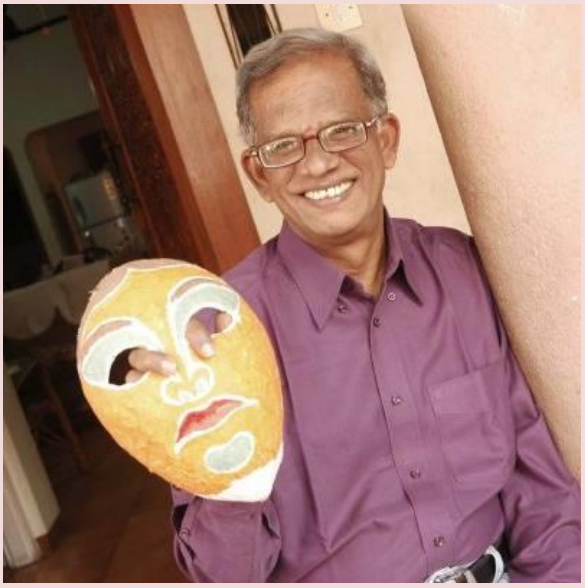
Ask their parents: Daddy

Who is Andal?

The British left us the language

Like Caliban I would say

You taught me how to curse you.



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: Poet with three published volumes of Poetry. Norwich Musings (2003); Fire courts Water 2009; Neem Gita 2011; Playwright with twelve plays published and Performed. Autism Advocate and Pioneer in the file of Drama for Autism. Chairman VELVI www.velvi.org



ENIGMA

You are my mirror, my love

That pries my eyes open

To my beautiful hair,

Force the furrow on my brow

To voice its gloomy qualms.

You seem to seep

Into every corner of me

Dribble into the dark

Precincts of my soul…

Our intimacy will rob me

Off my solitary treads

Where I am as murky

As I am beautiful,

Depriving me of my enigma

That makes me as simple

As I am perplexing

Oh you rob me

Of that mystery

I badly need

If I am to persevere as me.



Panjami Anand: I am an occult practitioner by profession and I see every day it is hard to be honest in a brutal world that demands the best façade even at the cost of one's inner well-being. Sometimes it helps to know that we are all fighting secret battles and we are not the only ones in pain. I love to observe human relationships and nothing inspires my writing more. Thus the dominating theme of all my writings are conflicts and triumphs of the same. I thank each and every one who has encouraged me to better my expression. Gratitude for reading!



DREAMCATCHER MOMMY

I will send my children a dream,

where they can explore the limits of imagination

and find in their dreams fantastic fulfilment.

If I be a dreamcatcher

I will remind them of a lovely day at the beach

running in and out of the frolicking waves

the air filled with the sound of innocent glee.

Elusive and ephemeral, dreams will visit them

When they need solace,

making them smile.

Dreamcatcher mommy,

I may not always give them dreams,

But I will shield them from the ones

That dim the joy in their eyes

The beads rattle,

and the feathers flutter

As if they understand me.

And in their subtle movements,

Promise to be my allies.

As swift and as sure

As Mercury and Hermes.



Padmini Rambhatla: She is a homemaker and Creative writing teacher who enjoys her different roles as loving wife to an awesome and caring hubby, and as mom to her

two sons, Rahul and Arjun. She loves the company of her students and strives to make them enjoy reading, writing and using their imagination to create wholesome and interesting stories. She enjoys watching movies in English, Tamil and Hindi. Padmini dabbles in art occasionally and loves cooking a variety dishes for friends and family.



A PALETTE OF SUMMER

Yellow–dappled sunlight

piercing through the sheets

kissing the naked skin

Red–round ball of

fierce sun, settled between

Ma’s eye brows

Green–lying on the blades of grass

on a summer evening–

massage.



Nivedita Narsapuram: She is an unschooled student of poetry and prose. She writes to make sense of the chaotic world around through her stories and poetry. Among her other interests, she loves exploring Wisconsin and soaking in the warmth of its people and its harsh winters. She blogs at: nnivedita.com.



YESTERDAY…TODAY…TOMORROW…PAST…

PRESENT…FUTURE

From the murky depths of the ocean

to the high peaks of the volcanoes

From the chaos of the Big Bang

to the remains of the universe

From the silence of the cyclone

to the clamour of the crypt...

Worlds and beings converge and collide

as past and future merge into one

Now is what was tomorrow yesterday and will be yesterday tomorrow



Nivedita Karthik: She is a graduate in Integrated Immunology from the University of Oxford who likes reading books and travelling. She is an accomplished Bharatanatyam dancer and has given many performances. She loves any form of creative writing (especially poems) and writes whenever she can.



BOATS, RAFTS AND PAPER PLANES

It is sad how

We had to fight

To keep our thoughts alive

Our thoughts were paper planes

When we were young.

They flew too fast,

And flew too little

And faltered, at every step.

As we grew up, our thoughts shifted base

Became fighter planes

Ready to duck and roll

And fire round after round,

Into enemy barracks.

Our thoughts were mighty ships once

Sailing into the Antarctic

Even though we had been told

No one ever returns after looking at the ice caps melting

It's a sight too beautiful but too lethal

And men either go mad,

Or lose sleep, perpetually.

But all this while, we kept growing up

And our thoughts became rafts

Weak.

Beaten.

Bruised.

Defeated.

And the raft of my thoughts,

Is caught up in a whirpool,

With you in its center

I've tied a rope to my stomach

And the other end to the sail.

And if I drown,

It'll be in you.



Nilesh Mondal: Born in 1993, he has lived most of his life in the small town of Asansol. An undergraduate in engineering by choice, he stumbled onto poetry by chance. His works have been published in various magazines and e-journals like *Bombay Literary Review, Café Dissensus, Muse India, Inklette, Kitaab, Coldnoon Travel Poetics,* etc. He

currently works as a writer for Terribly Tiny Tales and Thought Catalog, as prose editor for Moledro Magazine, and is an intern at Inklette Magazine. His first book of poetry, Degrees of Seperation (Writers Workshop), was released in June, 2017 and debuted at #2 of the Amazon Bestseller list of Poetry.



There, where the trees and darkness mingle

The side-walks are ready to rise in moonlight

Observing the ghostly bluish glow of earthshine

I walk on my foot, down the lane

longing to know what will happen

To the bloom that my blood will open tonight!

The gestation of fear ruins each hour,

Letting out of womb, an immature ogre

Setting it free in the garden of ochre, to darkness's refuge.

When mystical darkness hums on the fingertips,

impatiently wait for the silver moon to touch the sphere

want to be there; where dwellers are nowhere,

want to live in empty clusters of the cold stars,

And want to smile at the smiles long lost...

At ruthless world that tried strangulate

At the failures and incompetence that couldn't weigh down!

At those bewilderment between being and not being

At those dreams, fabrics of which caught up in life

were tattered, to pieces torn

Walking to the end of the garden I reconcile with the night,

Tucking in the ogre; watch from darkness, how a new dawn is born.



Nandita Samanta: She was in a teaching profession, presently is a secretary of a creative organisation. She is a multilingual poet, a short story writer, a reviewer, a dancer and an artist. Her works are well appreciated and published and her paintings have been displayed at various exhibitions. Her published poetry collection is titled 'Scattered Moments'. Her poems, articles, short stories feature in various international and national anthologies, magazines, journals, newspapers and e-zines. Her poems have been aired in U.K. And US radio channels and also have been translated in different languages.



X

Quietly marking its trajectory, with a long, single vapor trail
Our memories are coterminous, with the same boundaries
To the route of space, time and denotation .

XI

Life can be elusive, yes.
To trace memories back and forth a temporal span of
time and love who are but natural opponents.

XII

Clandestine rendezvous, a de facto if not a de jure code for
melodramatic scandalous and histrionic bouts
came in the form of poems. Oh memory!!



Nandini Sahu: She is a major voice in Indian English poetry, is an Associate Professor of English in IGNOU, New Delhi, India; she is a creative writer, theorist and folklorist; she is the author/editor of eleven books; has been widely published in India, U.S.A., U.K., Africa and Pakistan. Dr.Sahu is a double gold medalist in English literature, the award winner of All India Poetry Contest, Shiksha Rattan Purashkar and Poiesis Award of Honour, 2015. She is the Chief Editor and Founder Editor of two bi-annual refereed journals, Interdisciplinary Journal of Literature and Language(IJLL) and Panorama Literaria. Her areas of research interest cover New Literatures, Critical Theory, Folklore and Culture Studies, Children's Literature, American Literature and ELT. www.kavinandini.blogspot.in



ALMOST EVERYDAY I FALL IN LOVE!

Almost everyday do I fall

In love quiet consuming my all,

The morning when breaks

And helps me to wake

I fall in love then just by peering out

Of the window watching blooms sprout,

They oft do swing in mild breeze

By their fragrance they do me tease,

Then the day rolls out like a film can

Vibrant colorful filled with characters,

They come and go, talk to me,

They laugh, they sob, they also be happy,

The afternoon always leaves her music,

It to my ears and heart and mind sticks,

I watch how simply my love spreads

In the eyes of my girl, on her lips red,

I see how the afternoon wanes to dusk

How it paints me with love unasked,

I think I see the sky then draped in color

Of my love surely by then merged with her,

I look at her completely bowled over,

I worship then my divine lover,

The twilight whence turns into night

I see how she wears stars twinkling bright

Upon her body, her lovely enchanting figure

How then my prayers turn little and meagre

Compared to her vastness, her width,

How I fall in love everytime I breathe,

And then she sings a song for me to sleep

How in her mighty heart me she with love keeps,

Almost every day I do surely fall

In love which consumes my all,

And makes me to write more for her,

My unforgettable, divine lover.



Moinak Dutta: WELCOME! JULEY! BON JOUR! CIAO!

Me? I am nothing...I'm not a conscious poet...I just scribble; For scribbling is like singing spontaneously...It is like dancing loving the movements of body...So I live...So I wish to depart...



REINCARNATION (V2)

Next life I will be a little higher on the pecking order.

No longer a dishwasher at the House of Pancakes,

or Ricky's All Day Grill, or Sunday night small dog thief.

I will evolve into the Prince of Bullfrogs, crickets don't bother,

swamp flies don't bother me-I eat them. Alligators I avoid.

I urinate on lily pads mate across borders, continents at will.

Someone else from India can wash my dishes locally for me.

Forward all complaints to that religious office of Indian affairs.



Michael Lee Johnson: He lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era. He is a Canadian and USA citizen. Today he is a poet, editor, publisher, freelance writer, amateur photographer, small business owner in Itasca, Illinois. He has been published in more than 930 small press magazines in 33 different countries or republics, and he edits 10 poetry sites. Michael is the author of The Lost American: From Exile to Freedom, several chapbooks of poetry, including From Which Place the Morning Rises and Challenge of Night and Day, and Chicago Poems. He also has over 134 poetry videos on YouTube as of 2015: He was nominated for 2 Pushcart Prize awards for poetry 2015 & Best of the Net 2016. He is also the editor/publisher of anthology, Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze: A second poetry anthology, Dandelion in a Vase of Roses.



THE ADVENTUROUS SQUIRREL

Frizzy bushy

Bubbly chubby

Fat tail so grizzly

Round fat tummy

You are truly savvy

Running on the curvy

Branches of guava tree

Eating all fruits in a hurry

Talking chirpy chirpy chirpy

Frightened by the little doggy

Hiding like a bunny quickly

In the green lawn grassy

You are never unhappy

You are so naughty baby

And innocent like a cutie

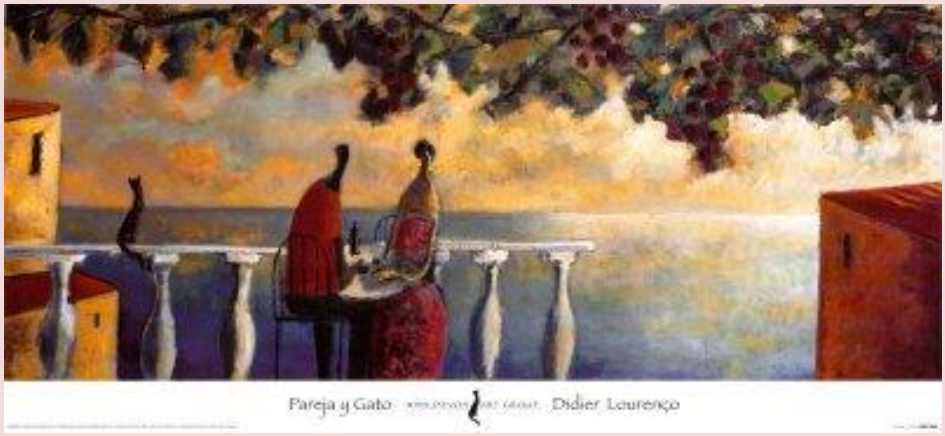
You wake me up so early

With your voice so cheeky

In summer when its sunny



Merlyn Alexander: I hail from Nagercoil. Surrounded by nature all around our district, I feel blessed that nature has lots to offer for my poems. Other than writing my hobbies include painting, craft, travelling, music, reading and cooking. I'm a blogger and I have a cookery blog. I would love to publish a cookery book someday. My collection of poems in a book. Gimme some time.



AHEM, LET'S MAKE BELIEVE…

Lets make believe.

You be the lost princess

lolling on a deserted beach

I'll be a wayward angel,

fallen but upright.

I'll name the stars for you

I'll make the coy breeze

whisper warm lullabyes in your ears

I'll turn the droll sand into gold dust

I'll make the sunset

soft for your tired eyes

I'll bid the crazy moon

to cast its ageless spell

I'll order the ocean

to quieten its troubled rumbles

and obediently wash your feet….

When you're in a trance

with my words drumming

hypnotic rhythms,

I'll drink in the whole scene

and fly away like a knowing blackbird

strangely fulfilled.



Late **Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi:** Max was a multilingual writer, poet who liked a wide variety of formats – whose life was full of oxymoronic shades, a polymath who went from being a specialist to a generalist to a versatilist. Mentoring by being a catalyst enthralled him, he wrote on serendipity and intuition, conducted workshops on a range of subjects and topics. He was a very friendly Santa Claus.



INNOCENCE

Innocence. You were innocent;

that’s what drove me. I sought you in

what I perfected and lost,

a portrait forgotten in a cab

or a sculpture crushed afoot –

at the zenith of one’s suffering one

must denounce the cure;

not to cross the finish line

but actively erase it

- why I tell you this in a poem, instead

of face to face where you could see

my lips sewn together with tears

and pity my balding dreams –

and so in my love of you

I am matched by no other;

as you are in your apathy to me.

I risk being repetitive, but after all

these years, it is still you who I turn to,

even though you are not here.

Then maybe I am the innocent one,

who places his faith in travelling

over arriving, and thirsting

over drinking. Time will tell us what

we did wrong, both of us –

and then we will tell it how

we did not notice, how we didn’t care.



Mathew Jasper: He is a poet and medical student. He is based in Thiruvananthapuram, Kerala. He has been writing since high school and has won prizes for extempore and writing, besides poetry. He is an avid reader and appreciator of all genres of poetry. Mathew is also an upcoming pianist and composer. He can be reached atmathew.j.jasper@gmail.com



REFUGEES

(this is a reverse poem, it can also be read from bottom to top)

Ah! if life could only script a different tale !

The soil bearing the imprint of their footmarks ,not foreign .

The windblown dandelions carrying the fragrance of their land ,

The timeless arch of the sky spread, above

clouds floating freely .....

No walls, no wires ,no gun toting military ,

But their eyes see an altered world,

Where tomorrow hangs precariously

Their feet tread over an alien earth,

unwelcome,

Being hurled out of home,

crossing the border with lesser human identities ,

'Refugees.'



Mallika Bhaumik: She had been a student of literature and did her masters in English Literature from the University of Calcutta. She is passionate about writing and many of her poems and stories have been published in National and International anthologies, well-known magazines.

She is an event planner by profession and is fond of music, travelling and cooking. She lives with her husband and sons in Kolkata and is a proud Kolkatan.



HOPES

The day windy, cold and dry,

Peeps down a grey still sky,

A pair of doves hidden somewhere sigh,

The cold breeze is prickly and spry.

A white sheet of snow masks,

For some air the grass gasps,

White flakes and zephyr both clasp,

Life seeping in through the trickles and cracks.

Inside the four red brick walls a fire burns,

Waiting impatiently for warm days to return,

Crackling away in the fiery cavern,

With just a lantern as its companion.

Out in the open the leafless branches stare,

The roots deep down the white snow under,

Yester years peep through the white glare,

Smelling new hopes in the floating wintery air.



Madhumita Bhattacharjee Nayyar: She is a bilingual writer (writing both in Hindi and English), writing by the name of Madhumita. A poetess, blogger, lifeskills counsellor, healer, she is also a social commentator and works with women

and children. Her works have been published in various national and international magazines, newspapers, web magazines, ezines, journals, anthologies. The author of "THE NIGHT JASMINE AND OTHER LOVE POEMS", is also the winner of ICON OF THE YEAR-LIFESKILLS COUNSELLOR 2015-2016 , CREATIVE WRITER OF THE YEAR 2016 and Indian Women Achievers Award 2016 for Creative Writing. She is an avid animal lover too, her motto in life being "Live & Love Life ".



SENSATION

Soothing aroma spreading all over

Sensation running beneath my skin

I can feel your love touch

Though you are far from me.

I can listen your soft voice

You are calling by my name

Your fingers playing and moving

My silky hair again and again.

I can feel my fingertips

Changed like buds to flowers

My touch moving all over you

Aah my poem aah my love.

Words playing mind-fresh game

Lines rejuvenating body

This is the poem this is you

I can feel your skin-touch

You are far from me though.



Lipika Ghosh: Contemporary poet and short story writer of Bengali literature. Active period from 1995 to present. Written five books, collections of Bengali poems named 'Ekhon ja likhchhi' (2008), 'Aro kichhukkhon' (2009), 'Silent mode' (2010), 'Meherban' (2011), 'Turning point' (2014). Supporting humanity, supporting to save greenery.



CONTAGION

I catch the laughter, as its sound

rolls across the crowded room. Feel

its power in my sore gut

making tears run out of

crinkled green eyes, humor

taking each heart hostage, like

a virus it spreads to all.

A yawn is much the same with

open mouth exhalation, creeping

in the pliant psyche of neighbors,

producing endless panting sounds
that only wind down with weakened breath.

Weep, for the most contagious
flu of the world is hate. It's
ever passed along through tears
as a sickness easy
to catch each day, without
easy antidote or cure

it invades the body whole.
Of all contagions, hate is the most
damaging of transmissions,
a contaminant of evil
not lessened unless treated, replaced
with love, the inoculation that will cure.



Linda Imbler: She is the author of the published poetry collection “Big Questions, Little Sleep.” She has had her work published in numerous journals. Linda has poems forthcoming at Halcyon Days, The Beautiful Space, Sick Lit Magazine, Leaves of Ink and Bindweed. She can be found at lindaspoetryblog.blogspot.com. This writer, yoga practitioner, and classical guitar player lives in Wichita, Kansas.



DRUGS

A while ago

I also used it

Quite a lot

Not only a little bit

At first

Only weed

Until I craved

For a stronger need

I started to mix

The weed with mandrax

At times a little

Other times stax

It was the first thing I wanted in the morning

The last thing at night

It made me feel good

But also dimmed my sight

My complexion changed

And I lost serious weight

And had this taught," To stop"

Was to late

The enemy made me look

Like a clown

Until God's grace

Chased me down

In an instant

I stopped to use

I grew tired

Of Satan’s abuse

What you see today

Is what God did

He deserves to get

All the credit

He did not leave my side

For one bit

And you know what

He ain't done yet



Leroy Ralph Abrahams (1976): He lives in South Africa, Port Elizabeth, Helenvale, with his wife and two sons and a daughter. He is currently working for the church, Victory Ministries International and also volunteers at times. Leroy loves to write, love people and children and God's Word. He enjoys hospital visits because there he prays for the sick and encourages them. Leroy's poems are true and full of emotion that leaves the reader in a good mood. Most of his poems are autobiographical and serve as a warning to the young and Christians who are facing tough times. Verse en Inspirasie is his first anthology and he promises that it's not his last.



HOMELESS

What was he thinking when he bombed my home?

About the vase we brought from Rome

The carpets that we chose at a fair

The teak tables and rosewood chairs

The mirror with a golden frame

My son’s trophies that sang his fame

My mumma’s walking stick and reading glasses

My wife’s lipstick, blush and artificial eyelashes

The new curtains she chose with such care

The laughter that filled the air

Last week we sat praying in hope

In the darkness hoping to cope

There was no bread, no remedy for hunger

I had to leave or beg from yonder

I kissed my son and hugged my wife

My mother cried “I am not hungry. I need no slice”

I had not gone far when I heard the boom

Shackles of concrete announced my doom

Hastened steps through dust and smoke

My house was gone and so my folk.

I looked up to the sky and yelled

From the ground, his war-craft I pelt

Did my roof look different from his?

Did my land not look like his?

Did not my mother, wife or child resemble his?

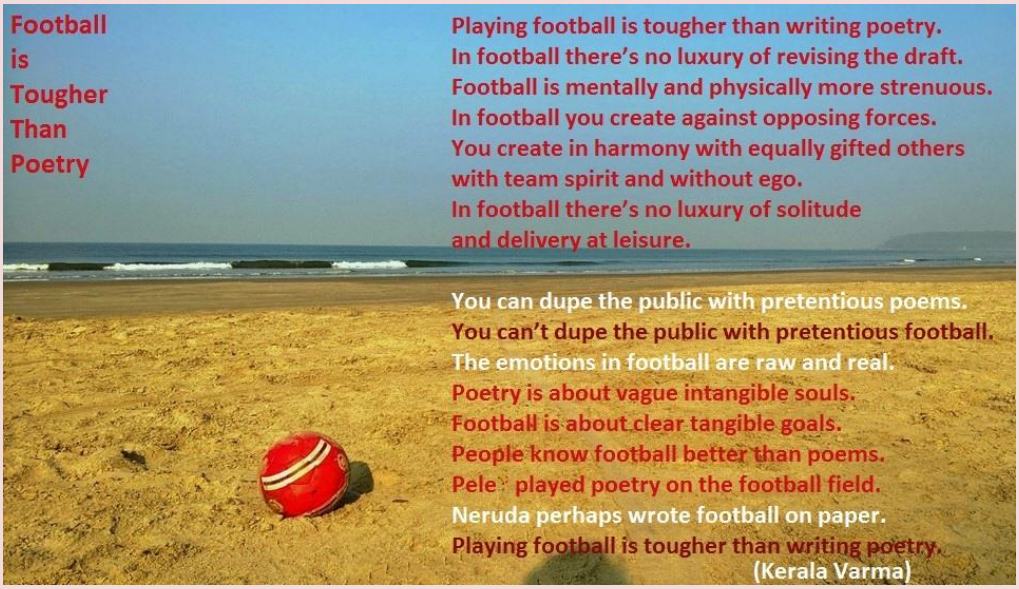
Why did he rain fire? What did he do this?

Insane I was and motionless

Thank you “soldier” for making me homeless!



Kiran Zehra Komail: Put her in the mountains and she will bargain rhymes and rhythm from the tallest tree and the sward. Place her in the concrete jungle and she will sing you a song of love midst the streets and the walls. Show her a burning torch and she would tell you hope is approaching! Call Ms Kiran Zehra Komail a whirlwind of ideas or a foodie her zest for life is endless and so are her dreams! She could redefine the shades of red, yellow, black or white in words so vivid you'd almost wonder if the true shade of it was this. She works for Rotary News as the Sub Editor of the English and Hindi magazine. Travel, gourmet and people to her are intriguing. Her poems and sketches are her theorem – simple yet deep and humble.


Football
is
Tougher
Than
Poetry
Playing football is tougher than writing poetry.
In football there's no luxury of revising the draft.
Football is mentally and physically more strenuous.
In football you create against opposing forces.
You create in harmony with equally gifted others
with team spirit and without ego.
In football there's no luxury of solitude
and delivery at leisure.
You can dupe the public with pretentious poems.
You can't dupe the public with pretentious football.
The emotions in football are raw and real.
Poetry is about vague intangible souls.
Football is about clear tangible goals.
People know football better than poems.
Pele played poetry on the football field.
Neruda perhaps wrote football on paper.
Playing football is tougher than writing poetry.
(Kerala Varma)

FOOTBALL IS TOUGHER THAN POETRY

Playing football is tougher than writing poetry.

In football there's no luxury of revising the draft.

Football is mentally and physically strenuous.

In football you create opposing forces.

You created in harmony with equally gifted others

With team spirit and without ego.

In football there's no luxury of solitude

and delivery at leisure.

You can dupe the public with pretentious poems.

You can't dupe the public with pretentious football.

The emotions in football are raw and real.

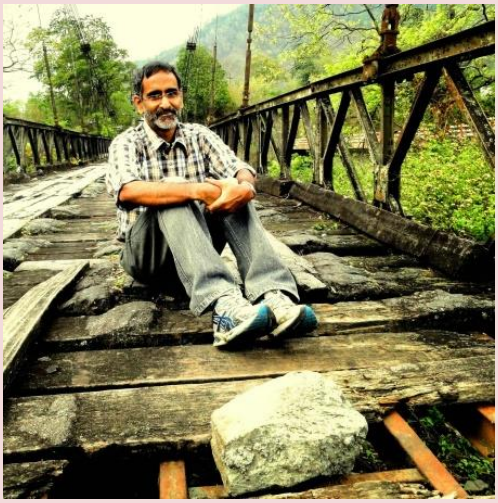
Poetry is about vague intangible souls.

Football is about clear tangible goals.

People know football better than poems

Neruda perhaps wrote football on paper.

Playing football is tougher than writing poetry.



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur), Kerala, is a former Deputy General Manager of State Bank of India and lives in Chennai with his wife Chitra. He is an amateur writer, who believes in “simple living, simple thinking”, welcoming enrichers of life like love, humour, long walk, the river, sea, mountain, books, music and Internet and avoiding complicaters of life like greed, anger, ambition, sentimentalism, sexism, god, rituals, religion and superstitions.



PART III

(***(This serialized poem is about American Murder. It is a generality that came up by watching Cops: Reloaded reruns and my worser sense of acuity from experiences in the long, difficult hours of Night Life)***

Some restless wind has finally

torn through the main avenue, your ears

numbed, eyes and thoughts pulling

recollections in and out of bags, one by one or

as one

the restaurant plates and the eating patronage

never quit out of the commotion acting as an engineering

of motion, a law, or constant for substitute.

The server at the long table seems gainly and she keeps on redirecting

the food order with her hips back and forth on the ball of her heel.

She looks child-worn, transmuting eggs and toast into new shoes

diapers, maybe vacation money; to the beaches in northern Michigan.

The whole eastern side of the diner is glass window, tinted, starting

from the table up to the mien visible only to the incoming patrons

and sleepy highway sputtering out cars every few hours.

I look at you and realize our dead weight signifies

the end of the meal, both in satisfied tired return

of gaze and in the afternoon spooling in hot and

in volumes. We are comfortably close, in the air

conditioning remembering the audience we held last night



Joseph Elenbaas: I am a Christian writer, living in West Michigan.



THE CLOSED DOOR

I wonder what's happening behind

The closed decorative door of your mind?

Yes, I can open that door only if you open

Your mind and let me inside.

I know, I will find the shattered shards

Of many broken dreams there.

But I promise to step lightly,

Broken dreams can fragment at the slightest touch.

I will not let the mad rain drench you,

Or, let the fiery sun scorch you and the ornate door to ash.

I am sure behind the beautiful carved door;

I will find lonely hours of cravings and passionate sighs.

Longings that turned into milky secretions,

Behind creaky hinges, stained pillows, and fungal growths.

I think you decided to close the door in the flush of adulthood,

When you decided no doors must be left open.

It may be dark behind those closed doors,

It may suffocate a human and many hungry rodents and pests.

No light may filter through the cracks and crevices,

So for clarity there is no hope of ingress.

I know, it must be chillingly cold or melting hot,

Depending upon the season.

But I see a wind weeping outside your door,

Please allow it in, so it can purify the insides.

I will not disturb anything, I will only tread on

The threshold to see what others have not seen.

Whether you are fed, clothed, sanitised,

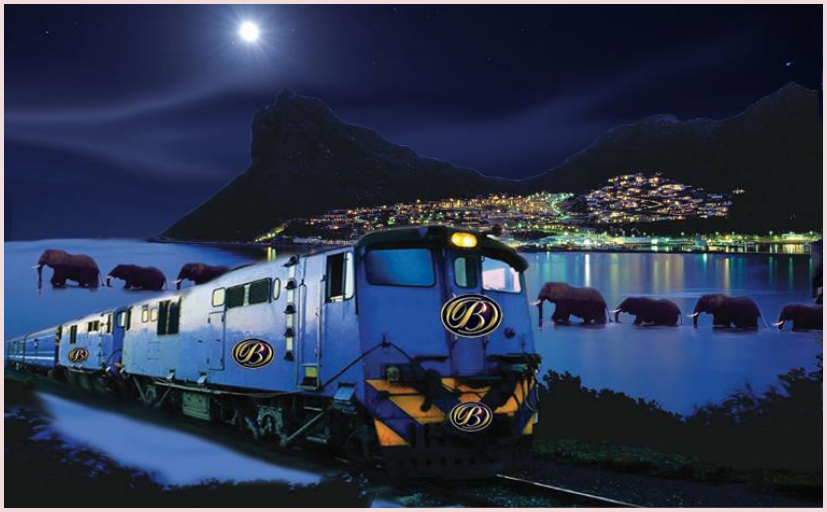
In accordance to the custom and observance of the land.

Or, if you are being prepared to be sent,

To another closed door far away in a stranger’s company.



***Late* John P. Matthew:** Writer, poet, singer-songwriter, and blogger John P Matthew was born in the state of Kerala, India. His first success as a writer was Penguin's world-wide short story contest "India Smiles" in which his short story "Flirting in Short Messages" was selected for publication in an anthology. His poem "Call of the Cuckoo" has been published by Poetry Rivals. He was working on his first novel and writing a book-length travelogue about his native state of Kerala. He died in 2017.



"A" TRAIN

brassy blue

electric

close eyes

watch points

like stars

think now

how insignificant

compared to train

speaking for itself

stars known

in no language

burn shoot

thru

tiger's eyes

brain in

constant action

reaction

to what we do not know

plans of distant stars

galaxies floating as

"A" train

silver worm

slides under

big belly

of city



Joan McNerney: Her poetry has been included in numerous literary magazines such as Seven Circle Press, Dinner with the Muse, Moonlight Dreamers of Yellow Haze, Blueline, and Halcyon Days. Three Bright Hills Press Anthologies, several Poppy Road Review Journals, and numerous Kind of A Hurricane Press Publications has accepted her work. Her latest title is Having Lunch with the Sky and she has four e-books. She has been nominated three times for Best of the Net.



SEMI

I'm partly limited

By my decisions these days

Bisected yet fractional

My eyes are glazed

Semi-crazed

I'm awake

I know the bite

Scars don't bleed

Tattoos of life

A semi-heart

Of pain and love

A semi-mind

A slice.....a chunk

To have a semi-life

At one time

You almost gave up

An end or a portion

Of who you once were

A lie or distortion

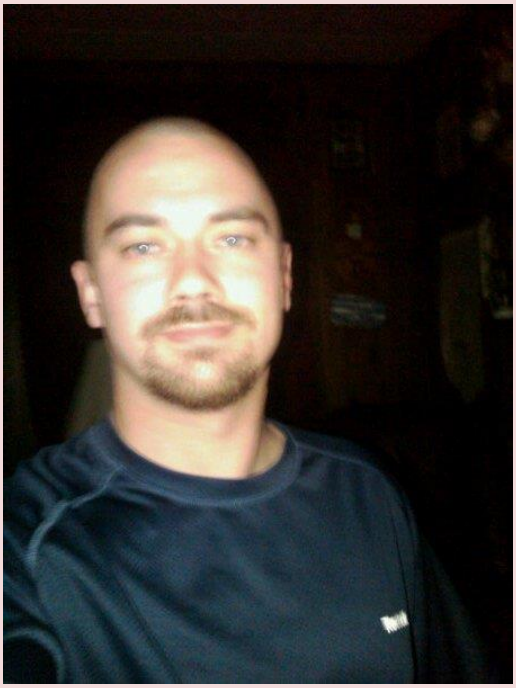
That it takes to be pure

You didn't go through hell

Hell went through you

What it took to have a clue

Feeds on you



Jeffrey Oliver: I am a poet/lyricist, currently living in upstate New York. I have been writing for 20 years, I write my heart, soul and emotions and will never give up on this crazy dream of mine. I have been told, that I have a captivating style when my work is registered in the minds of many. I am also a family man, I have a wonderful wife, who is my inspiration, as well as 7 beautiful children. Welcome to my mind.



YEAH, THE WORLD CAN BE!

It can be transformed

It can be moulded

Yeah, the world can be!

A holistic place to develop

A pilgrimage to worship

Yeah, the world can be!

An aura to palpal

A place to meditate

Yeah, the world can be!

A road to troll

A place to deliberate

Yeah, the world can be!

Valley to breathe openly

Yatch to travel with

Yeah, the world can be!

Gallery to prob

Kaleidoscope to peep in

Yeah, the world can be!

An inspiration to percolate

An aspiration to dream

Yeah, the world can be!

Well to imbibe

Essence to savour

Yeah, the world can be!

A land free of all disturbances

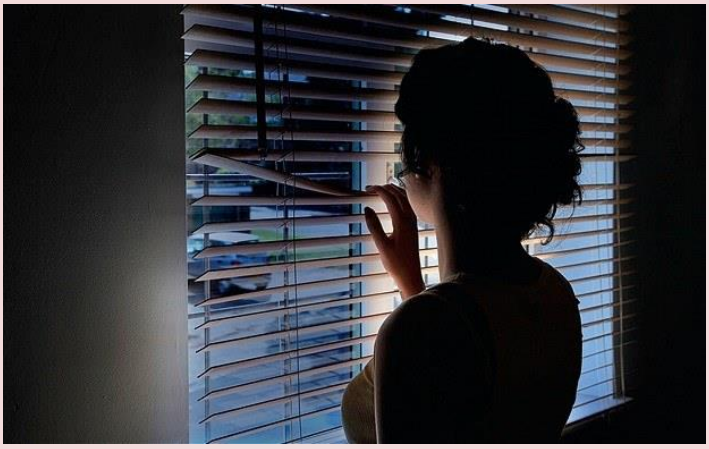
With no particular nuisances

Yeah, the world can be!



Jayant Singhal: A voracious reader and an enraptured author, Jayant Singhal, under the animated pseudonym of ‘Saaransh’. He began nurturing the passion for expressing the enchanted aura of the world through his pen just a few

months ago. Having a strong affinity for English language, he loves to feel the imbuing effect of it. He is currently writing a Facebook page, "Aroma - The Essence of Life". Dazzling through the twists and turns of this beautiful voyage, commonly known as ‘Life’, he is en route to the bewitching nature of happiness and peace.



HOW TO GET PAST “HELLO” AND “GOOD MORNING”

I prepare justifications to be close to him

drop boxes of office supplies on the floor by his desk

so that I can spend a few more seconds lingering near his feet, picking up

tiny metal paper clips and scattered number two pencils

vociferously proclaim impromptu donut runs to the bakery

my treat for the workplace, for him. Afterward, after work

I pursue his car almost all the way

to his home, cling to his bumper

smile at him whenever I see him checking

his rear view mirror, veer off at the last moment

just prior to the turn-off to his cul-de-sac
stop the car around the corner and wait.

I fritter the night hours watching him sleep
first from the car, quietly parked across the street
then from the shelter of the bushes behind his house,
pressed against his bedroom window, my hands leaving
faint outlines of sweat on the glass
as I think of more ways to get closer
try to find courage to say the things I must say.



Holly Day: She has taught writing classes at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota, since 2000. Her poetry has recently appeared in Tampa Review, SLAB, and Gargoyle, while her newest nonfiction book, Tattoos FAQ, is coming out from Backbeat Books at the end of 2017.



LETHAL WORDS

I could have said so many things

but I held my tongue

I believed that silence was virtuous

and discretion, the better part of valour

you whipped me with your angry words

they flowed like a torrent, unabated

I knew the mood could not be pacified the anger tempered like steel by fire

that anything I said would inflame

the fragile rising tempest

I remained silent not out of guilt
caution is far better than rash courage
I promised myself

I could have retaliated with words
even stronger, twice as harsh as yours,
words once spoken cannot be recalled
a spent arrow can never be strung
to the bow again

you hurled words like rocks
regardless of whether or not
you wounded my feelings
your words hurt more
than the pain of being stoned
you threw the past
and the present in my face

and through it all I sealed my lips

and controlled my breath

you did not see the pain in my eyes

did my pain gave you pleasure

or you were blinded

by you demented ego

as I turned and walked away

promising myself never to return

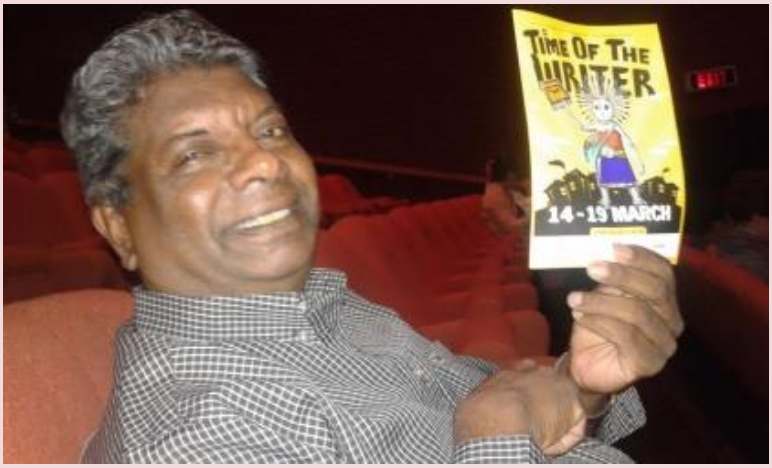
the echoes of your dreadful words followed me, struck me

ricocheted against my disillusioned mind and slammed into my soul

the sting in your words

more lethal than the venom

of any serpent the earth has known



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born, and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by, and writing poetry since his early boyhood. He has performed his poetry at various forums, including the Poetry Africa Festival, the Mauritian Writers' Association, and Glorioustimes, India. He is the Convenor of the Live Poets Society, Durban, South Africa.



TO THE OCEAN

"Not right now," he said.

"You keep saying that. Do something: record it and send me a copy. Ditto, ditto, ditto."

"Try to understand. I don't have a proper job. How can I even think... It will happen someday. I will know what suits me."

"Come here," she said, leading him to the edge of the cliff, "see all those roads, they all lead to the ocean."

"Metaphors don't make for a life, Lisa. I need to know my way, the right way."

She sighed, "And meanwhile, me...poor ole' me..." She hailed down a taxi and got in. It was raining heavily now, visible at the streetlights. He would have to find his way

home. He had his bike. She was surprised to see that the driver was a woman.

"Where to Ma'am?"

"Oh, just strike the road and tell me when you hit flat surface. Like it matters where I go. It all leads to the ocean anyways."

The driver was smiling. "Some ways are long, some short."

"What are you? My alter-ego?"

"I could be. It's a dark, rainy night."

"Hmmm...oh my poor curls!"

"You had curled your hair, Ma'am?"

"No, I have naturally curly hair."

"Then why?"

"I was feeling sorry for all of them. My curls." she said by way of explanation.

The alter-ego smiled and drove on.

Dan had reached his room, dried off and was standing in his bathrobe by the window, rubbing his hair and watching the rain.

"She said all these roads lead to the ocean," he said, talking to his roommate, who was lying on the sofa.

"Maybe it's as simple as that."

The next day, Dan stood by the doorway of the mall, watching her on the pavement not far away, picking and choosing flowers in the flower shop. He wanted to say, sarcastically, "They're all the same," but instead he said, "I've decided to go to the Ocean."

She looked at him then. Her curls were back in place and bouncing.

"Which way?"

"Any which way..." he replied.



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer, currently residing in Chennai. She is the editor and publisher of GloMag.



THOUGHTS OF GIBRALTAR

Summer rolls on

In gasping heat

But evenings are cooler now

So, I look forward to sweet September

The trees outside

Do not murmur

So the night will be sticky

Though the doors stand open

To the breeze that does not come

Baleful 120 degree heat

Glares over Cordoba

And Madrid fries and sizzles

While storms advance

The sea is refreshing

For a while

Until the heat

Claws its way into my body

The water-jar stands by

Coffee swims in a mug on the table

Mouth-watering cool juice is in my glass

And I frantically pour in moisture

That my body sweats out

The long, burning summer

Is endless

Will September ever come

With halcyon breezes

Night sweats

The doors are ajar

Dawn comes cool

With cloud over

The dolphins leap

In a clear sea

And the Barbary apes

Scratch after orange peel

The Rock is a monumental fort

Guarded by a frontier

Across which the traffic streams

As far as the wicked barbs

To bar the airport runway

North African shores

Beckon the little boat

Ferrying the tourists

Across

Picture postcard dream

Of shots of Gibraltar

While tawdry restaurants line

Casement Square

All the way up Main Street

Spanglish spoken ‘ere

Amid the wrinkle of tills

And pound note bills

Like confetti



Geoffrey Jackson: He has been an intrepid TESOL instructor at 5 universities and 4 colleges, blown off course from England to Holland, Finland, Hungary, Oman, Saudi Arabia and, in the Roaring Forties, to Denmark. A self-described European cosmotrollop and Americanophile with New World dreams, Geoff is the Poetry Editor for Fullosia Press.



THE YARD

In that little yard of dreams and poems we built,

Tended, nurtured, cultivated and watered,

With our love, thoughts, words and deeds,

Where we juggled a conduit for a shaft of sunlight,

To pour itself in, like notes from a musical instrument,

I stand holding that laced parasol of refrains you wrote for me,

Although a harsh sun barely visits.

For soon the foliage of our chit chats crisscrossed blocking the light,

The green so alluring that we refused to trim and nip our pristine thoughts,

In that lace of viridian green that leaves shadows on my face,

And yet I hang on to that pretty white parasol you gifted me,

An ode to my soul you let me drift down with as I landed here on earth,

As delicate as my skin and mind that you love to tease my beloved,

Casting dainty patterns and motifs of innumerable genres of poems,

This very yard where you leave your voice tailing in bowers,

I let the murky sky leave silvery dots of sunspots on lines and verses that scribe themselves,

And a faint, haunting music of songs rephrased as dawns and dusks bathe this yard, in soft piano notes.

I'm still watching the mist rise over the little forest that sauntered in,

As twirls of coffee aroma drift in our conversations and repartees of poems we live moment after moment.

Now lines wriggle across my skin along with the parasol's patterns,

Laced with the laughs and tears of all that we grew up to be,

Valentines have come and gone, flower arrows have adorned our yard and our hearts beat with the stars in a quiet night sky.

As you quietly watch me smiling your rakish smile.



Geethanjali Dilip: A Chennaiite at heart, she is a graduate from Ethiraj College and a postgraduate in French from Bangalore University. She is passionate about poetry, travel, teaching travel, gardening, interior decoration, and enjoying a deep spiritual connection with everything. She's been teaching French, freelance, in Salem for the past 34 years in schools and colleges, and at her centre, Zone Francofone, in Salem.



LIFE ON THE MOVE

The other day I was talking to a young girl. She was describing a beautiful place she had visited. In the middle of the conversation I realized she had never been on a train! When I asked her the reason, she said her family always drove down or took a flight. It really surprised me. I wondered how she could relate to the experience of travelling on a train! Yes, books and movies do give a picture, but I thought she was missing something that no book or movie could give. Then I told her about experiencing certain things in life and the valuable lessons they give.

A railway station is such a lively place! There are people and faces, arrivals, farewells and departures, so many activities even as the whistle blows for a train to leave the station,…….. A railway station always fascinates me

bringing back memories, especially of my childhood days. This is true for all those who have travelled like me.

Those days we did not have superfast trains or AC coaches. At the most, you got a first class compartment, or a coupe sometimes with an attached bathroom, to yourself. The travelling itself began with an elaborate packing because we had to often spend three or four days to reach our destination. Since my father was in the Government services and posted in Gujarat, travelling from Kerala took more than three days. We even had to change trains a couple of times during the travel, before we reached our destination. While my mother worried about food (as very few stations provided food and beverage), my father worried about the luggage and safety. My grandmother's list began with pickles, vadaams, sweets and so on to a flask for hot water, a large water can, biscuits and snacks, and all kinds of food items that could survive four days and more. Since my brother was a baby, we also had to make a temporary arrangement for him to sleep , with a sari tied between the berths inside the train. Then there were things that had to be carried for friends who did not travel that year. I remember, once a friend's mother sent a jack fruit for her son! The entire coach smelt as the fruit ripened and whoever passed our compartment, in every train, asked

questions. Jack fruit was a new thing in Gujarat! Father used to get exasperated.

Yet it was fun. The first day would be just warming up and the excitement of eating all otherwise forbidden things – biscuits, chocolates, chips, fried stuff…. And no rice! (My sister and I would even wait for some station that would have an ice cream stall). The next day would be long. But there would be children in other compartments and other families who would all be friendly. Soon we would become friends and would play simple games, exchange interesting books and snacks, tell stories, sing songs…. And when we parted the next day, we would even feel sad! But then, again there was the excitement of changing trains with all the luggage, bargaining with the porters, the anxiety of missing the next train, taxi rides through the city of Bombay, new friends,……. Only we needed an elaborate bath with thorough scrubbing as we would be really dirty. The trains, those days, did not run on electricity!

On the other hand, now, I am afraid of even smiling at a child. I could be mistaken for a biscuit- thief if I offered biscuits to someone! And if anyone offered me one, even I would hesitate. I try not to speak and read books instead which I prefer too. We can avoid dust and soot, save time, there are Ac coaches, good catering services, well-equipped stations, ……..

But have we lost something precious? The humanness?

We have started functioning more like machines. The corporate world has started controlling our mind set. A simple smile has become rare. Where are the humans and human feelings.

I was in a hospital a couple of years back attending to my mother-in-law who was not well. An old student happened to be there in the room next door with his grandmother. He came to me and said, “Ma’am how can you be here like this? No one does that these days! Look at me. I visit her twice a day and leave the hospital for work. That’s all.” Of course there are doctors and nurses, but…

Again can we blame anyone?

Once at the end of my class we had a discussion on home for the elders. Most students agreed we needed places like that because they felt it would be impractical otherwise with no one to look after them at home.

We are moving at a breakneck speed. Everything around has changed. Do we have a choice?!



Geeta Varma: She has been a teacher for thirty years and a Freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling. She is married to Shreekumar Varma (Writer and Novelist) and has two sons, Vinayak and Karthik and a daughter-in-law daughter Yamini. She lives in Neelankarai, Chennai.



BLISS OF SOLITUDE

In the changing hues of the sky

In the expanse of distant horizon

In the silence of the majestic wood

In the solemn gestures of smoky mountains

I hear the grand music of solitude

It feeds my soul

Beyond all tactics and artifice

Somewhere in the middle of nothingness

Far apart from shadows and noise

I enjoy my golden freedom

Listening to my heart's call

In the stillness of the night

River of silence flows

Solitude sings soulful hymns

My thoughts take flight

Roams bare…unveiled

I look into the infinity

Stars shining for me makes me dream

Leaving aside all outside chaos

My soul celebrates peace

In the lap of solitude!



Gayatree G Lahon: She is a teacher by profession and a poet by passion. Hailing from the beautiful state of Assam in Northeast India, she would like to call herself a true

aesthetic and an ardent lover of nature and the beauty of life. Her poems try to reflect those elements in a subtle way. Gayatree is a Post Graduate in English Literature from Gauhati University and also holds a degree of Bachelor of Education. Her poems have been published in reputed anthologies and magazines.



UNCOMMON AND ORDINARY

Perhaps it wasn't the best day

That Montgomery had ever had.

Truth be told, he had to sway

To keep himself from going mad.

Maybe it wasn't the most alive

that Prentice had ever felt.

Days were hard, the nights were worse-

And smiles, just not his curse.

Now Montgomery and Prentice,

They were not great friends.

So they tried their best, to put to rest

The rules that they were to bend.

For now, as we call them, M&P,

Stumbled upon quite cleverly-

A treasure, clanking, yet not seen,

Hidden, but with undeniable sheen.

Montgomery tried to reach

And grab a handful,

"I'll try to not ruffle"

Though he did- it was just too soft.

And Prentice, he simply feared

The noise, the weight-- far too severe.

He pushed at it- and

As it fell, they caught.

Oh with treasures, do people change.

Soon, M&P, they weren't so strange

To clutching, clanking, storing, smiling.

Prentice even started sharing.

Sometimes, wandering there and here,

Montgomery would really fear

Cry even, it seemed much too dear-

"Is such a thing real?

Surely, it's much too much to feel."

Prentice, then, would calmly say

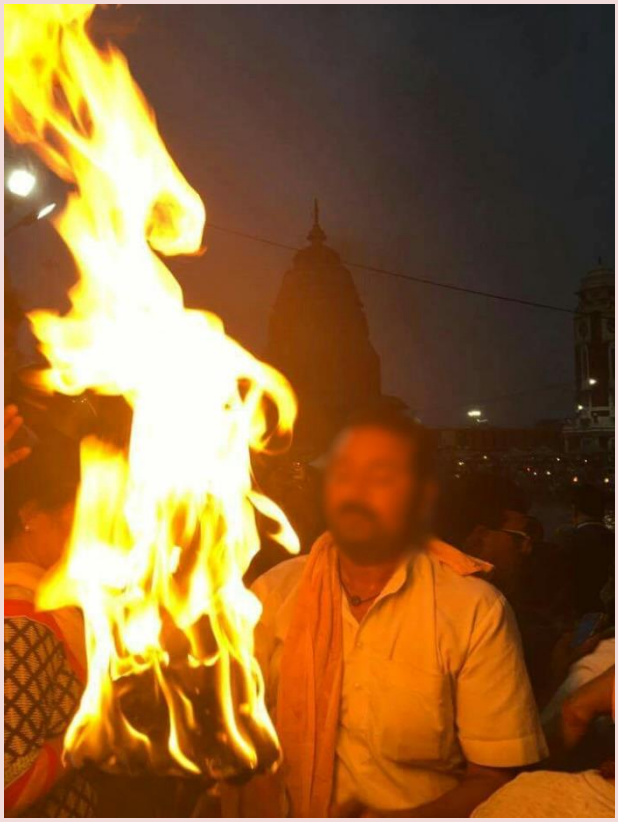
Monty, love, turn and look behind.

Treasures aren't hard to find.

Not everywhere, but surely every day.



Gayatri Sekar: She likes words and all the things they can do. Favorite quote: "All these signs lead to science"



BURNING ANGUISH

Sins

are not slaves,

nor are they owned.

They claim

lives,

minds,

souls,

weaklings,

children..

Frightened mankind

knows only to

light fire

to a pyre.

Atonement -

a burning



Gauri Dixit: She is a software professional from Pune, India. She is an avid reader and regularly writes in poetry groups on Facebook. Her poems have been published in multiple

anthologies. Her poems were featured in the Poet's Corner for the E-zine 'Mind Creative' published from Syndey Australia and Learning and Creativity e magazine.



DUĀLITĀS

Nephele – They say she was the Greek goddess of duality created by mighty Zeus

from clouds to be an exact replica of his beloved wife Hera to live as a dobbelganger

to serve the lustful Ixion who hungered to defile his true love who belonged to

someone else but met his eternal death tied to a spinning flaming wheel in the

underworld leaving Nephele quite lonely and disturbed for she could not be

uncreated and wept eternally in godly corners frustrated and devastated.

Red – The danger of discontent world leaders seemingly in control yet some

are filled with venomous vitriol preventing freedom for all as their subjects are

forced to hear their daily rhetorical call using false larks to spread the recited

message painting another imagined reality supressing once again their human duality –

Sirens echoing globally warning us of human beings of another kind not that kind

who seem soulless unable to give solace to the starving masses fed on lexical molasses

amidst fractured global relations seeping hideous deformities as we get used to daily

televised atrocities trying our utmost best to remain sane in renewed virtual realities.

Black – No brighter a warning by indigenous cultures mourning the morning they

lost their foretold identity at the hands of an unknown curious foreign enemy flying

on water arriving in wooden structures pilfering, pillaging, defiling, owning, culling,

annihilating, erasing, installing, controlling, mauling, destroying, invading, ruling,

teaching, establishing, colonising, lying, profiling, identifying, experiencing, piercing

proud hearts blinding liberating thoughts raging ongoing cultural wars on all shores…

Deliverance – The global village pierced with religious and cultural splinters

women, girls even boys unable to express themselves their needs and dreams

imploded who they want to be to feel free to dance to the tune of life with glee

without the fear of fiery curses accusatory glances imposed documented

punishments to have or not to have a child to choose your own life partner

no questions asked why fear rebuke from earthly masters or not have the right

to believe in a higher order others can try to convince but each individual

at some point makes a decision to choose their own destiny so they carry

their burdens proudly, their eternal chards elected…



Don Beukes: He is the author of 'The Salamander Chronicles', his debut poetry collection published by Creative Talents Unleashed. Originally from Cape Town South Africa, he is a retired teacher of English and Geography and taught in both South Africa and the UK. His

poetry deals with issues affecting the global village and he is passionate about speaking out against racism, homophobia, sexism and intolerance. He has collaborated with artists from South Africa, the UK and America as part of his Ekphrastic poetry collection and his poems have been anthologized in various publications. His poetry has also been translated into Afrikaans, Farsi and Albanian.

His debut collection is available here
http://www.ctupublishinggroup.com/don-beukes-.html

Vakseen (artist): While working on hit records in the music industry has played a driving force in his career, it's Vakseen's (born Otha Davis III) passion for the arts that has served as his key to sanity in the fast paced entertainment business. The self-taught Floridian has developed a distinct collage-influenced painting style (Vanity Pop) that fuses elements of cubism, photorealism, fashion design and pop surrealism into vibrantly alluring, abstract portraits. While most viewers assume they're viewing collage or mixed media art, each creation is in fact meticulously hand painted directly on canvas. Drawing distinct inspiration from our fascination with popular culture, his gallant paintings are a celebration of women, beauty, duality, insecurity and self-preservation. Currently based in Los

Angeles, his paintings have been featured by Adidas, Complex, Juxtapoz, Hi Fructose, Vibe, Bombay Sapphire Gin, and Tupac Shakur's estate, amongst others. In addition to being sold to collectors and art enthusiasts, his art has been shown in countless gallery exhibitions and featured in over 100 magazines worldwide. To view #Vakseenart visit VakseenArt.com



LOVESTRUCK

The violent storm

Was actually about love

A burning kiss

Incinerated all that mattered

In love and in hate.

I ran away

Ran away for my life

Then you kissed the other man

And the storm came back

Swept me away

Fast into the burning hell.

I slipped into the deepest hole

Fell on the cradle of love

Rescued by the woman in red

With a bagful of dream

Red roses, and

Melodies of pleasure

From here to eternity.

But you found me out soon

And struck on me

Like a queen bee

Sucking out the nectar

Of life that was with me.

We were destined to end up

Being lovestruck

Entwined in an embrace

That destroyed

All that mattered

In love and in hate.



Dipankar Sarkar: He is on a continuous journey to discover himself and the mystery called life. He remains an eternal optimist with a never-ending zeal, in spite of the many battles that he has lost and few that he has won.



CLOCK TICKLES!

If I ask do you remember that wintery night?

And ask you to turn back the clock.. Can you?

I am mundane to the fact that

I am the frozen and numb moment of that moonlight…

Clock tickles

And the withered love of the summer

Left you with the shattered pieces of our fairytale..

Tears parched and you moved on,

Freeing those treasures into junk…

Clock tickles

The rains showered on the earth,

And flashed those moments again in your eyes..

But this time thy soul was dead… heart was alive..

It was 3 A.M. and you saw she was cuddling you,

In her wedding gown and a glass of wine…

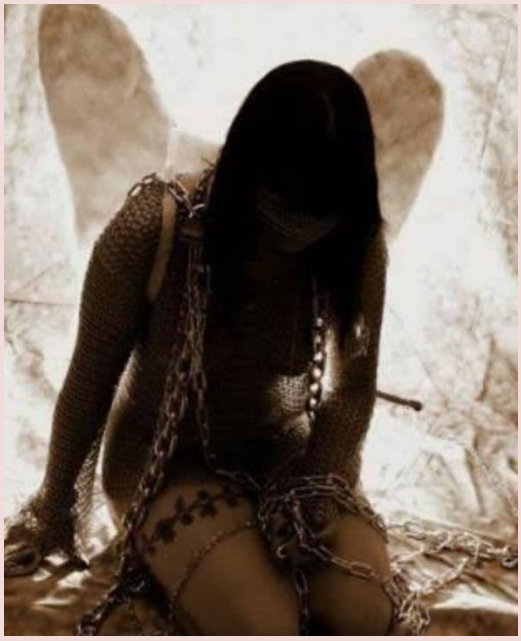
And yet again you decided to let go off those snowy nights

Where I resided…

And Clock tickled….



Devayani Deshmukh: She is pursuing a master's degree in computer science in the USA. She is highly interested in writing.



Thoughts pulverized

To suit the needs

The mighty arms chained

To control the deeds

Veils put on the eyes

Of religions and prophecies

Amputated minds

Lest they learn to speak

Voices just don't count

For the teeth have learnt the taste of blood

What remains is legacy

Of a rusted tongue and rusted words



Deepti Singh: I am a Doctor in Community Medicine in State Government service and writing and music is my passion. I love to experiment and explore, and my favorites in this regard are nature and human behavior.



TRUMP AS A FIRE WITHOUT LIGHT #352

Last night in Ohio they used pepper-spray on protesters. I suppose, taking in consideration what used to happen in Ohio when there were protests (Kent State), this was an improvement, but goddammit why were they in riot gear? There was no riot. There should have been a riot. There was no riot.



Darren C. Demaree: He is the author of five poetry collections, most recently “The Nineteen Steps Between Us” (2016, After the Pause Press). He is the Managing Editor of the Best of the Net Anthology and Ovenbird Poetry. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.



(Daniel' daughter)

REMEMBER ME AT AUTUMN

I remember Autumn at Isabelle's hand

Moving the red and yellow leaf

Like a spider still alive

When I'm going for to be

A grandfather to her ok.

I think this moment

As an Earth' chant, a sacred song

Between her fingers

Illuminating trees

And the many lovers' shadow

On this magic park.

Autumn is passing time on

Girl' Hand it down

Summer getting away for ever lost

Just looking at the ground.

An old man behind me

With a smile

Is looking her bronzed face, and leaf

Saying: "Pretty good pic, uh".

Autumn is here, Summer was here

Autumn moves us within

With these feelings of love.

Ground became so warm and soft

And leaves have to lay down:

Autumn as the tide of the Summer

Is reaching the morning of our heart

Beginning again to weave life

And saying:” Remember me

When I am gone

And you still sing

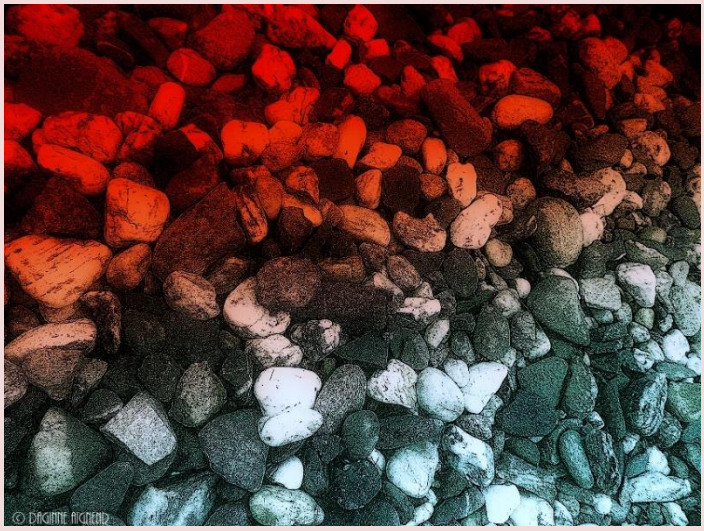
As the Autumn Spider

On an advertising green bench

With a dizzy feeling of loss.



Daniel de Culla (1955): He is a writer, poet, and photographer. He is also a member of the Spanish Writers Association, Earthly Writers International Caucus, Director of the Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. He’s moving between North Hollywood, Madrid and Burgos, Spain.



MEMORIAL OF LOST LOVE

A grain of sand...

the vestige of a languishing spirit,

vaporized by deprived hope.

Our heart's blossom,

withered into a russet, friable rose petal.

Sanguine passion turned to stone.

Memories of you,

sallow sepia fragments.

Lucidity devoured by despair.

Our love's epitaph,

'Impetuous, ardent passion

vanished into thin air'.



Daginne Aignend: Daginne Aignend is a pseudonym for the Dutch poetess and photographic artist Inge Wesdijk. She likes hard rock music and fantasy books, is a vegetarian and spends a lot of time with her animals. Daginne posted some of her poems her fun project website www.daginne.com. She's the co-editor of Degenerate Literature, a poetry, flash fiction, Arts E-zine. She has been published in several Poetry Review Magazines, in the anthology's 'Where Are You From?' and 'Dandelion in a Vase of Roses'.



ARTIST

All are artists: there is no exception,

Coals of creation glowing red within,

A spark divine erupts in conception,

As new beauty shines out beneath the skin.

To make love with colour, to carve out speech

In sculpture, build cathedrals out of songs,

To touch stars barely within angel's reach,

By imagination this might belongs.

The Spirit dances over our waters grey,

Defeats the dullness that grinds out our years,

Granting us freedom if we seize this day,

To paint our lives brightly beyond our fears.

Streams of living waters surge from the heart,

When we resound with universe's art.



Christopher Villiers: I am freelance writer in the United Kingdom, with a Master's degree in Theology, who writes about God, Love and the Universe, big things in little poems! You can see more of my poetry on my Facebook page.



My country

my people

my community

my city

my space

why is it suddenly

am made to feel alien here?

why

why now

why as a patriot

am asked to prove my patriotism

the flag flutters happily as i walk past

I salute it with my heart

why find fault that i did not raise my hand

the flag is in me

so is the anthem

this is where i was born

this is where i will be buried or burnt

why am i made to feel alien

why

why now.



Chandramohan Naidu: He is a retired bank employee, now a freelance writer and photographer based in Chennai, part

of the poetry circle which meets first Wednesday of every month. I am writing poems to be subsequently brought out into a collection.



MISADVENTURES OF A BIBLIOMANIAC

I have left men like books;

Often they lay around, waiting to be read-

With the wrapper still on, pages uncut,

Termites don’t need my consent-

To enter the scent of their folds.

I have read in sickness and in health-

With no fear of parting and death;

Men or books? Why even ask?

I hoard objects for bookmarks,

Never had enough of them:

Feathers, glass-bits, broken bangles,

Incense sticks and greeting cards,

Even the extracted tooth of a toddler-

I must mark where I let go.

Flowers and leaves kept between the pages-

Leave their stain, bleeding parallel stories.

There was a man I put down half-read-

Keeping a memory as bookmark,

Never got around to finishing him;

Before his pages erase themselves-

If I could skim through once again!

I can tell you this from experience:

Certain chapters close like coffins-

After that, all words go into the epitaph.

If ever I read one from cover to cover-

Invariably I ended up fleeing for cover.

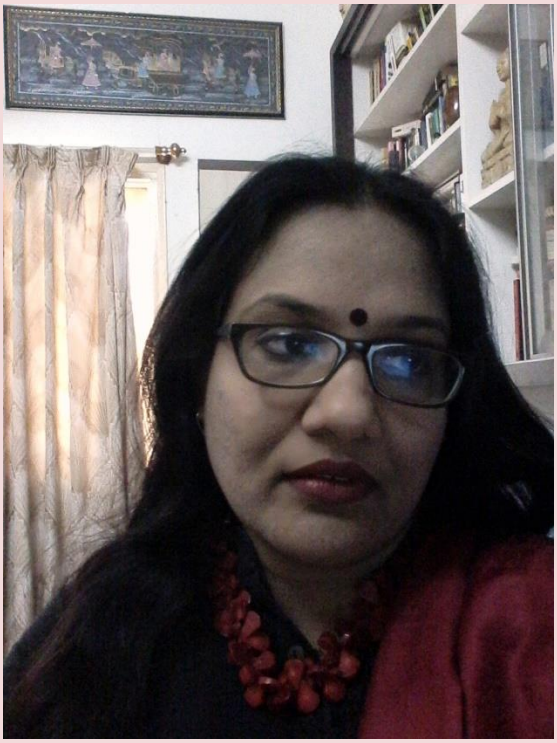
The Man or The Book? You better guess!

My collection grows tall, stacked from floor to ceiling,

I have a thing for epics: ancient in new print-

Well-worn, dog-eared, leather-bound and wrinkled-

Yet my mouth opens in a yawn, as their pages turn.



Bini B.S.: She is currently an academic fellow and program officer at Balvant Parekh Centre for General Semantics and Other Human Sciences, Baroda, Gujarat. Her research articles, poems and translations have appeared in national and international Journals and anthologies. She is the editor of Anekaant: A Journal of Polysemic Thought. Her poems were part of an anthology of corporeal poems titled A Strange Place Other than Earlobes: Five Poets, Seventy

Voices published by Sampark, Calcutta in 2014. She is the winner of the 2016 J. Talbot Winchell award presented by the Institute of General Semantics for her contributions to the discipline of general semantics, which she received in a ceremony in New York on October 21, 2016.



LABYRINTH HAZE

The language of the heart is a treasured chest,

Revealing not of its clandestine depth.

Cloaked in words of a metaphoric fit,

For “social approval” dressed – I hasten to admit.

A chamber of secrets entrenched in her breast,

Are her heart’s passions safely suppressed.

A labyrinth haze is this ocean of emotion,

Fogged in a vapour of stealthy sensations.

Thin mists veiled by a blinding fight,

Against clouds of fiery delight.

Peaks of pleasure in a surreptitious closet,

Droplets of desire from a forbidden goblet.

Looming the horizons of a reality imposed,

Seal the heart and the envelope close.



Bilkis Moola: She is an Educator who resides in Nelspruit, Mpumalanga Province. Her first published anthology, "Wounds and Wings: A Lyrical Salve Through Metaphor" was received throughout South Africa and launched her poetic persona. It evolved as an introspective quest for recovery from her personal narrative of an abusive marriage. Her poetry is a delicate negotiation of patriotism and ethnicity. Bilkis Moola navigates a pluralistic dialogue towards multiculturalism and transformational activism in post-apartheid South Africa as "A Sprightly Cultural Hybrid In Metamorphosis". She presently divides her time between professional responsibilities and post-graduate studies in Education. Her pen continues to sketch the flotsam in her mind from the passion in her heart on shreds of paper that bloom into poems.



THINGS THAT SAY.

Don't call us,

we will call you.

Tears dropped as I saw

my face on a silver spoon.

I waited for your call,

just for once to see my name

on the list of characters.

I wanted to be a voice

in your script.

No fame of stars is bigger

than this dream.

Eventually the light shone

caressing my swelling desires.

I am picking recyclables next to dustbins

to find a pen full ink.

I got a paper.

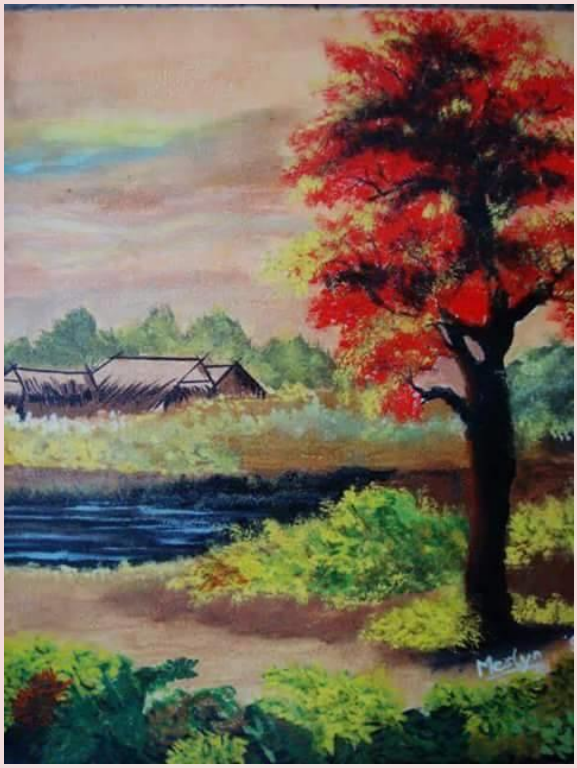
Under the bridge the story began,

I am author come touch my blood.



Bheki BO. Nxumalo: He honed his writing and performing skills at FUBA School Of dramatic And Visual Arts, where he did speech and drama. His earlier poetry was published in a book titled FEDILITIES V., edited by Kobus Moolman. He has performed in festivals such as Bosman Weekend Festival,

Newcastle Winter Festival, Macufe festival, to name a few. He has graced broadcasting mediums like SABC, Y fm and Trans Africa radio blowing the poetry horn. He is a member of Amavukuvuku music band. He also facilitated children storytelling at Xarra Books.



AUTUMN

The environment -

Is losing its taste

As natural beauty

Is going to waste

The crickets chirping

And birds melody

Are no more heard

Around our geography

Autumn has come

Stolen it away

Changing hot climates

Into a cooler day

Trees are losing their dress

Animals on a quest

Finding a warmer place

For them to rest

This season has changed

The sky's blue face

As it beholds

Autumn's disgrace

Its reputation

An unwelcoming guest

As it quenches

Nature's zest



Bevan Boggenpoel: He was born in Salt Lake, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. He attended Soutpan Primary and matriculated at Westville Secondary School. He completed a Baccalaureate in Education at the Nelson Mandela Metropolitan University. He launched his debut Anthology 1 December 2016. The book was well received by the public and he sold 200 copies locally. He is also an author at a South African website known as Litnet (Literature Network in South Africa). His poetry is written in a South African context that covers different issues in daily life. In his writings he strives to tell a story or teach a lesson that will inspire and motivate. He is currently a teacher at Bethelsdorp Road Primary in the northern areas of Port Elizabeth.



Oh the sins I consider

Committed by an insider

Emptying groundwater

To the sewer

Where infection breeds and sways,

Repent less about the mighty stakes,

Actions thus, depletes

Nature's bountiful treats.



Ayshwaria Sekher/Icecamp: An International Relations graduate, but a reluctant practitioner. Searching about the self through practices that seem conducive to the naked eye but weathers the spirit. Believes in the conditional - unconditional love of a dog and no other's. Extends reality from books and tries to achieve vice versa. Shuns from the' –isms' but cannot escape the brackets cast. A bundle of contradictions in short!



LEAVING BEHIND.....

Lonely night whispered

In the middle of the night

You have said it.....

Inside the two timid hearts

Engulfed desire upon two lips.....

Darkness did not bring no more nightmares

She was the moon to his night

Where have you been

And where will you go?

Night whispered.....

In my open arms,

You will return to me.....

Leaving behind

Passions and desire.....



Asoke Kumar Mitra: I am from India, Kolkata. Poetry is my passion.



LOVE AND AMITY

Desires curtail our mind's freedom

One after other, they create a kingdom,

Once tuned to the ever-attractive tune

Ignoring real goals, we depend on fortune.

This universe is a great good creation

Almighty is its greatest good creator,

Mother earth is great, human birth too

Chasing illusions is a myth, not a reality.

With righteous and chaste thoughts

If we open wide the door of our heart,

How awesome the universe would look!

How amazing the nature would strike!

God gifted us with the power of discretion

To uphold love and parity in this creation;

Let us not give scope for hate or hostility

Instead, let us promote, ‘love and amity’.



Ashok Chakravarthy Tholana: He is a poet and review writer, hailing from Hyderabad City, Telangana State, INDIA. Composing poetry for the past 25 years, Ashok has the rare distinction of 1500 of his poems getting selected for publication in various literary magazines, newspapers,

journals, e-zines, anthologies, etc. in no less than 90 countries in the world. As of now, six out of Ashok's 18 volumes of English poetry have been published. And, 13 spiritual-related books have been translated by him from Telugu to English language.



A POETRY CONVERSATION: WHAT IF?

Anurag K Mathur

What if you knew

All the meanings

Of all the words

In every language ?

Would you win every debate

Every argument ?

Or would there be no debate,

Because your soul,

Knows only the language of love ?

Vasanthi Swetha

What if I told you

that languages are a myth,

words are invisible curtains,

meanings are dissolving waves,

and debates are questions that

fear answers,

and though it's always the language of

love that the soul will identify,

at that very moment,

my eyes will have a million tongues

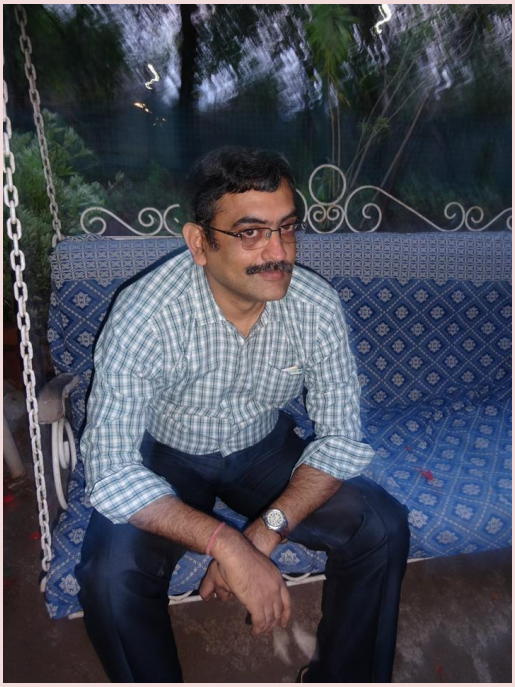
and will shatter silence

into roaring pieces

that only few souls will hear,

to the rest

it will be mere noise.



Anurag Mathur: He is a trained bean counter, works for a financial services group and has spent almost two decades serving that industry. Whatever little time that has been spared from work or sleep or reflective meditation has – with quite a few well-meaning prods and nudges from friends – been devoted to occasionally tapping to the Muse's dictats from time to time.



Vasanthi Swetha: She is extremely passionate about the art of poetry, dance, reading and dreaming, and she believes that every poem that she writes is a result of a conversation with her soul.



NOT MY THING!

Sunsets were never my thing

But you; you loved them.

I tried to find one frail reason to like it,

A tiny speck of hope to engage my heart, so it became my favorite thing too.

I tried for your sake...

To see beauty in that burning amber which eventually disappeared in to the darkness.

But, all I see is despair, struggle, when it descends,

I see a pair of hands coming out to hold on to the bars of clouds, desperately, before going down.

I hear painful gasps when it drowns in the faraway horizon.

I see its lifeless bald head emerging one final time before it bids a brooding farewell.

All I see is how it leaves the sky bloodied.

It is heartbreaking- this sunset,

It is still not my thing!



Anupama Soni: She works as an advancement professional and works with IIT Bombay. A closet writer she comes from a family of writers. This is her first publishing feat!



Friend bee

fly far

away these

fields of poison

My flowers are pure

and grow as they like

but a mine field

awaits you near

That is the world

in which you

are born

I wish in my pocket

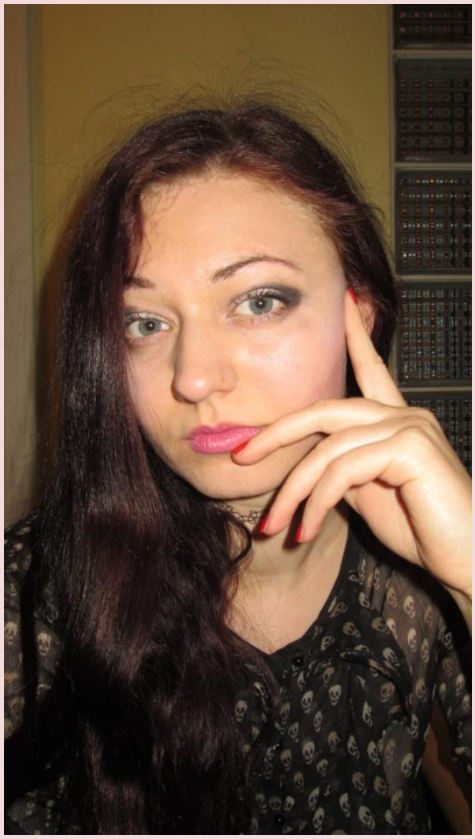
a home I could offer

but work must be done

and I hope that none

of your kind

you made to are mourn.



Annika Lindok: She is an English teacher and a freelance translator, living in Estonia. Her work has previously been published in Scryptic Magazine, Five 2 One, Peacock Journal, Quail Bell Magazine, Zoetic Press´s Nonbinary Review and others, upcoming in Degenerate Literature and Ariel Chart. She is a prose editor for Escapism Literary Magazine.



ELEMENTS OF LOVE

A whiff of fresh air

caressed my curls

inhaled through my nostrils

that gave life to my soul

My love is a breather!

The rush of sparkling water

cooled my agonized mind

filled my parched mouth

that quenched my thirst

My love is a succor!

A handful of wet earth

stained my unsoiled hand

and the smell lingered in my heart

that produced new shoots

My love is a nourisher!

The light from the burning embers

warmed my wriggled soles

brightened my lovely face

that illumined the pervaded darkness

My love is a beacon of light!

A glance at the horizon

suffused an aura of tranquility

flew high with boundless freedom

that extended the peripheries of love

My love is eternal!



Annapurna Sharma: She is a nutrition lecturer turned writer. Her short stories, poems and articles have been published in Women's Era, Reader's Digest, several online portals, in anthologies – "A Quick Read" compiled by C.A. Simonson, Taj Mahal Review, Amaravati Poetic Prism 2016, Oh My Sweetest Love – A Timeless Treasure and WWW Women, Wit & Wisdom – an International Multilingual Poetry Anthology of Women Poets. Poems in English, Hindi, Telugu and Bengali will be published in forthcoming anthology – Amaravati Poetic Prism 2017. She is adjudged winner of the Muse India/Your Space/Editor's Pick Competition, her poem to be published in forthcoming Muse India ejournal.



WASH ME CLEAN

Rain wash down over me

and sing away my tears.

I walk alone on whispers,

fragile as faith confronted.

The tension reaching out,

with languid fingers of longing

grasping at my throat.

Conclusions never complying.

Prayers go unanswered

floating on a sea of doubt.

The litany of lust prevails

devouring the holy with the damned.

I beseech the ancient ones

to rescue my true self

and let the rain cleanse

my desires with its song.



Ann Christine Tabaka: She was born and lives in Delaware. She is a published poet, an artist, a chemist, and a personal trainer. She loves gardening, cooking, and the ocean. Chris

lives with her husband and two cats. Her poems have been published in numerous national and international poetry journals, reviews, and anthologies. Chris has been selected as the resident Haiku poet for Stanzaic Stylings.



Push the bedroom door shut,

outside, day recedes in doppler.

Gaze through the window,

the world passes by on mute.

A match flashes alive,

meteor head streaks

across cobblestone

the colour of stale blood.

Fire crackles in victory

reaches heart of grass,

tip of joint burns

like the eye

of Shiva.

Breath becomes bellow,

smoke infiltrates herb,

hurtles down lung,

coughs its way up.

Feet squeak forth

converse with marble,

carry a cavity,

cavernous hunger.

The fridge is destiny,

meditating monk,

the snap of chocolate

is the song of gods.

A match flashes alive,

coronates wick

of jasmined wax.

Shadows whisper across walls

the orange of midnight flame,

sunset decoction.

Head hits pillow,

silence cooes in your ears

like a dog whistle.

The mobile pings,

taints perfect solitude,

gets turned over

to snore the night.

Sleep drops in spurts

like electronic bass,

your ears sleep before you do,

the only rest they get.

Dreams are kind,

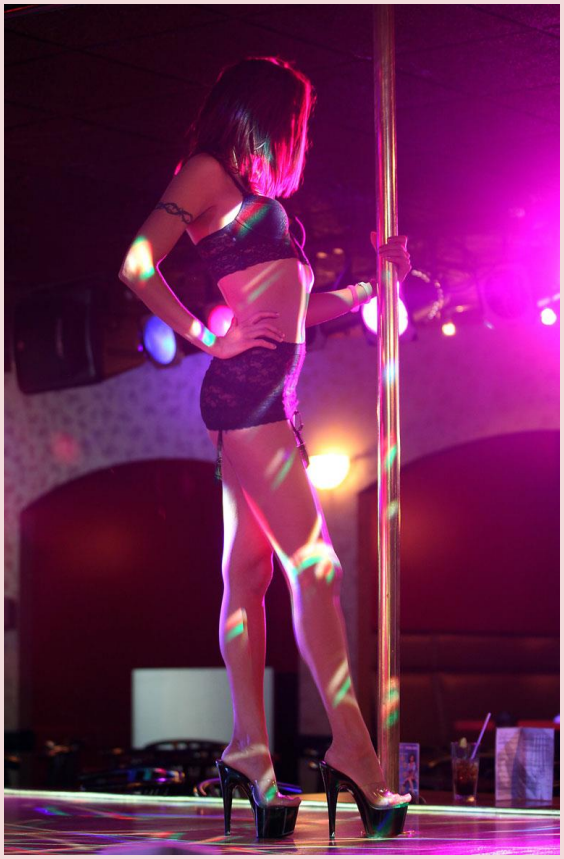
they tiptoe towards you.

Even when they ambush,

they never make a sound.



Anish Vyavahare: Writer, brand builder, quizzer, public speaker, event organiser, psychology, advertising and writing teacher - essentially if there is a job to be done, I do it. Or get you people for it. I have a long standing affair with eating, cooking and Wikipedia. I like to travel if there is someone from the land to show me around. So if you want to invite me to where you are, I am welcome. :) For the serious stuff, I teach UG and PG Mass Media students. I help businesses do smart marketing where they build a strong brand, make money and do some really cool stuff to engage with their audience. I have been running a Poetry open mic in Thane, called Poetry Tuesday, for the last 5 years (almost!). I teach basic creative writing to beginners. And I have recently launched a multi-lingual Youtube channel called The Poetry Affair of India where you are welcome to feature with your poetry! You can check us out here - bit.ly/1LnZdUB



DANCER OF THE NIGHT

Night has a song for you

You must dance naked

Time will run slow for you

You must play wicked

Music will be played for you

Move your body slow

With many twists and turns

You should begin to flow

You are an angel of the night

You possess a charm

Men have you in their hearts

Like bees they do swarm

Day’s work is finished; they

Have come to enjoy

Let them play with you for a

Night, don’t feel shy

Let them what they do, may

Be they caress the thighs

They are drunk to the full; need

Your moans and sighs

Sit on their laps, let them

Kiss your bosom

They are guests of night, at

Dawn they will be home



Anil Kumar Panda (alias Tiku): He is from Brajrajnagar, Odisha, India, and resides there currently. He works as a mine surveyor in coal mines. He writes short stories and poems whenever he gets time.



UNFORGIVENESS

Truth is liquidified with tremors of dejavu’

Songs of unforgiveness with tunes of malice

flowing through my veins

Infiltrating every cell like a viral infection

Every organ tasting bitter gall

The acrid taste fills my taste buds.

Blood standing still in pools waiting to flow

Yet the path is polluted

Proof of the unforgiving spirit dwelling within.

Free my heart from the knots of entangled ropes

Each knot getting tighter

The more I think of the absolute betrayal

I cannot fathom the torturous and callous behaviour
Whose actions are unconscionable and unforgivable.

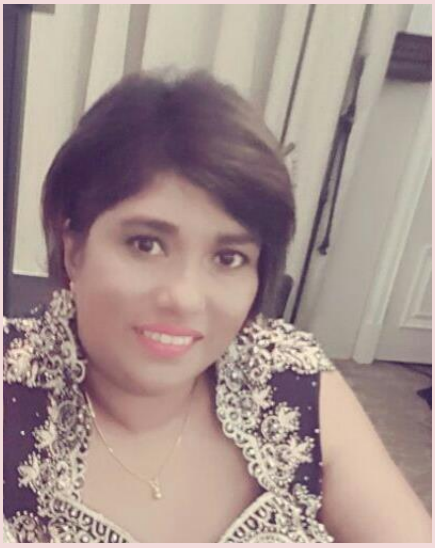
My heart needs to be free from the shackles
of bondage of unforgiveness.
I am a prisoner in my own heart
Like a dragon of unforgiveness weighing me down
Robbing me of your invaluable time and potential joy.

The burden of unforgiveness
Gives birth to anxiety, anger and frustration
Manifesting in psychosomatic illnesses.

Forgive those who have hurt and conspired against you
No matter how serious the issue
Claim the sweet freedom of your wounded heart
and experience a newfound peace
Let the pages of unforgiveness burn to ashes

Turn a new page of hope for a renewed life

Celebrate the beauty of life.



Angela Chetty: She is an avid poet and lyricist who lives in Durban, South Africa. Angela imbibes her work with a deep passion and belief that words can touch hearts and change lives. The depths of her soulful prose, cuts across different genres, talking to matters of the heart. Poetry is music for my soul; like oxygen, the breath of my life. In 2013, Heartfelt moments - A Treasure Trove was published www.heartfeltmomentspoetry.com. Her poems have been selected for the Contemporary Poetry Digest, Evergreen Journal of Poetry, Contemporary Poetry Journal and has been featured in various special publications including Valentine's, New England Anthology, International Poetry Digest, From the Heart and 2017 Poetry Showcase and Yearbook. In 2016 and 2017 Angela was recognized as an Elite Poet.



(Norman Bates is a fictional character created by Robert Bloch in his novel 'Psycho', made famous by the Alfred Hitchcock's movie of the same name. This poem is loosely based on the character.)

NORMAN BATES (NOIR)

Nine in the morn

He walked beside the field of corn

He saw an area with barricades

'Police Line Do Not Cross'

Written in black

on the tape with yellowy shades

Blood all over splashed

Victim was brutally slashed

The crime scene looked spine-chilling

Oh! what a gory killing

His hands became cold and numb

His heartbeat tempo - a heavy metal drum

He ran home fast

He didn't know why

When he opened his bag

He found a sharp stab-knife

Fresh blood stains all over it

Did he kill her?

He doesn’t remember a bit

He is panicked all day

But after sunset

He's a different game

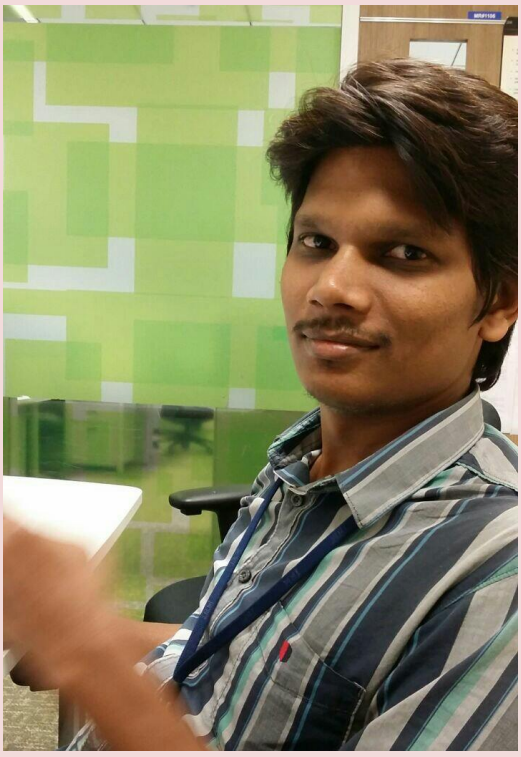
Come next morn

Again in the field of corn

Another murder, another slay

Beyond a reason and blurred motif

Everything's a shade of grey



Anand Gautam: He hails from Hyderabad, India. He studied life sciences, currently works in a tech giant, and his heart and soul has always been inclined towards poetry and fiction. He snatches a few minutes every day from his life for his love of writing and believes that one’s passion must be kept alive to be alive. He can be found on Instagram handle, @anand_writes and he blogs at https://notesandwords.wordpress.com/



(Gabriella quevedo)

(https://i.ytimg.com/vi/1pF9WNUW4gA/maxresdefault.jpg)

ODE TO YOUR WALLS OF BEAUTIFUL SOUND

God who gave you the gift of music

Has he not also, with it, given you all things else

Despite the thumbs down

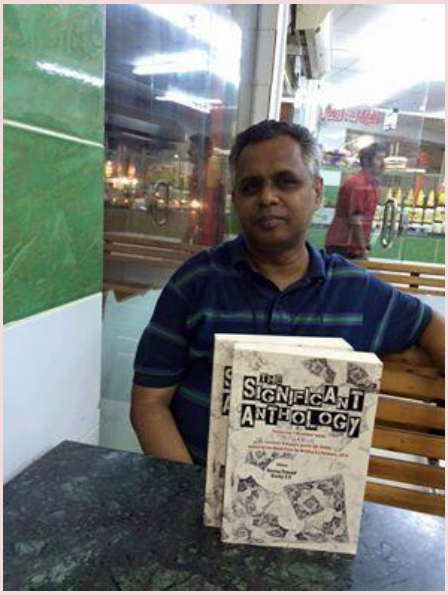
Of those to heavenly tones deaf

Gabriella Quevedo?

New planet swimming into my nightly vigil, sojourn, and ken...

Soothing and healing my insomnia and madness, as David's harp did Saul's heart once

Driving out all the noxious poisons, and toxins therein, thence



Ampat Koshy: He teaches in a college as Assistant Professor in Jazan, Saudi Arabia. He is the author of books like Art of Poetry, Wrighteings: In Media Res, Figs, Allusions to Simplicity (poetry), and co-author of Wake Up India: Essays for Our Times with Dr Bina Biswas and co-editor of The Significant Anthology with Reena Prasad and Michele Baron etc. He also runs The Signifcant League and has instituted the Reuel International Prize for Literature. He is a poet and critic and fiction writer of renown in India and abroad plus a Pushcart Prize Poetry Nominee of 2012. His Ph.D was on Samuel Beckett and his thesis was later published as Samuel Beckett's English Poetry: Transcending the Roots of Resistance in Language. He has also co-edited Inklinks and Umbilical Chords.



The theme of godfather is playing somewhere

and my mind once again tries to open a long shuttered window

on pall bearer of shadows

and sadness of a sun

dimmed by an incongruous

sky

Its here in a Gwalior palace

moments entwined with moss

and lichen kept their eyelids open

for a stray summer ray or a fragrance

unforgotten from a wisp of your night breast

on that night

Its here in a Gwalior palace

beasts of wind beat the stonewalls

in frantic passions

trying since long

to unveil your hair

and a tangled evening heavy with another days feeling

Its here in a Gwalior palace

I had once held your hand

and asked you of dawn and destiny

of the heart

caught in silk

of bare-thread talk

Since then I have changed my name so many times

I have treaded many an evenings at different times

I have forgotten the dusk many a times

I have recalled a night so many times and

I have slept in your smile many a times.



Amitabh Mitra: He is a Poet/Artist and a Medical Doctor at East London, East Cape, South Africa. He lives in many worlds and narrates his life in hallucinatory stopovers. Words and images tend to amalgamate in many such strange journeys.



TWENTY-FOUR CARAT LOVE

I couldn't reckon how many instants

I take breath a day

O my beloved one! How can I say

How many times I think of you a day?

I couldn't measure how much water

Contain the sea and the river

How can I tell you, my dear

How much I love you forever?

I want to turn my tears into rain

To soothe your pain

You know not how much pleasure I gain

If I can do it again and again

I'll burn myself to give you light

Till my death, to make you happy, I'll fight

I know not what's wrong or what's right

Trust me dear, I die when you go out of sight

I'll be humble to hold you high

To do so I have no grief or sigh

Only upon your love does my survival rely

To make you laugh a bit, I can even die



Aminool Islam: A bilingual poet, he weaves poetry in both Bengali, his mother tongue, and English. He also weaves English sonnets. He did his M.A in English literature from National University, Bangladesh. He is currently the sub-editor of a literary magazine named Neeharika.



HIS GLIMMER ESCAPES, THEN GROWS

Plunged by guilt

then by a heavenly tale,

he is changed from favour

to detested obscurity.

The breeze rises to harvest

his half-made smile, leaving

him more sacred, more solitary.

Science cannot teach him, nor

do the curfews of other men reach him and seal him

to the plodding mire.

He condemns with stubborn confidence the winnings

of his adversary. Clothed with revelation,

his tongue will wet again,

calling forth a new burn, a new morn

formed beyond his bleak horizon.



Allison Grayhurst: She is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Four times nominated for “Best of the Net”, 2015/2017, she has over 1125 poems published in over 450 international journals and anthologies. She has 21

published books of poetry, six collections and six chapbooks. She lives in Toronto with her family. She is a vegan. She also sculpts, working with clay; www.allisongrayhurst.com



SEPTEMBER SOLITUDE

I am a vase

of celery-colored orchids,

sunlit legs

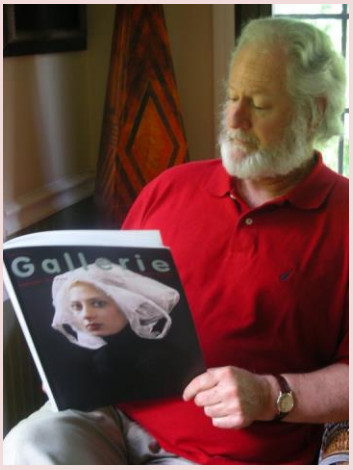
of teal and gold.

What fool

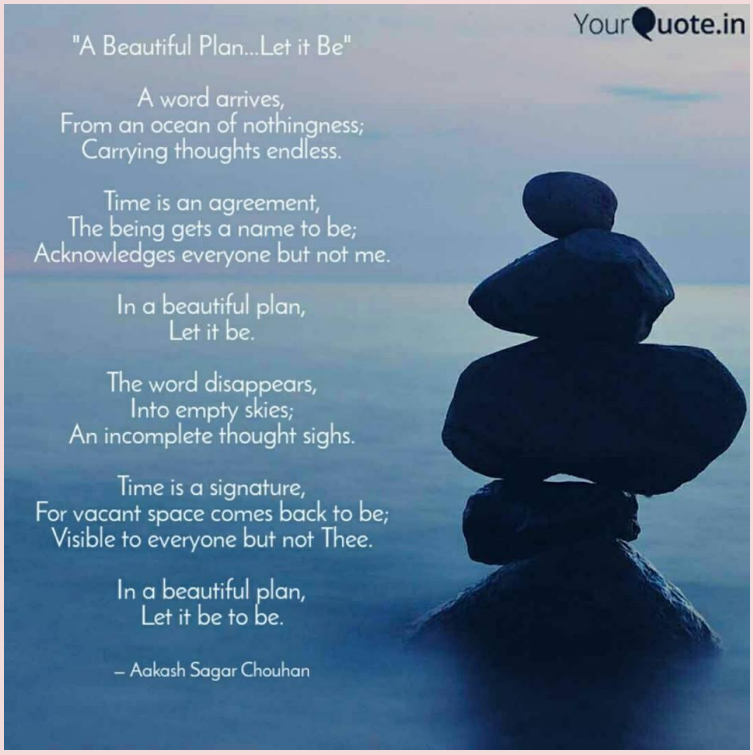
placed me

before the arid eyes

of beauty?



Allan Britt: In August 2015, Alan Britt was invited by the Ecuadorian House of Culture Benjamín Carrión in Quito, Ecuador as part of the first cultural exchange of poets between Ecuador and the United States. In 2013, he served as judge for the The Bitter Oleander Press Library of Poetry Book Award. His interview at The Library of Congress for The Poet and the Poem aired on Pacifica Radio, January 2013. He has published 15 books of poetry, his latest being Violin Smoke (Translated into Hungarian by Paul Sohar and published in Romania: 2015). He teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University.


YourQuote.in
"A Beautiful Plan...Let it Be"
A word arrives,
From an ocean of nothingness;
Carrying thoughts endless.
Time is an agreement,
The being gets a name to be;
Acknowledges everyone but not me.
In a beautiful plan,
Let it be.
The word disappears,
Into empty skies;
An incomplete thought sighs.
Time is a signature,
For vacant space comes back to be;
Visible to everyone but not Thee.
In a beautiful plan,
Let it be to be.
– Aakash Sagar Chouhan

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Aakash Sagar Chouhan: He is a contributing Author, a blogger, a prose writer, a Poet, an article contributor, Group's Admin of many Pages and Communities residing in Rourkela. He co-authored the book "Between Moms & Sons" along with Geethanjali Dilip in 2016.



ciao! ☺